MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XLV:::NO. 36. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886. WHOLE NUMBER 2312.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

PUBLISHED AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING," No. 47 Milk Street (cor. Devonshire St.) (Opposite the New Post Office,)

BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES, Ploughman Company, PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Postage Free. Single copies 5 cents. No papers discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVANTAGES—THE PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most intelligent portion of the community

RATES OF ADVERTISING—One square of eight lines, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.

Editorial.

JUNE ON THE FARM.

Every farmer should not only have a garden of good size, but he should endeavor to keep it in the best possible condition. Many, even of those who keep their gardens in good condition, neglect their crops until the weeds get a good start before they commence to cultivate them; this is a serious error to the crop, but it very much increases the labor of cultivation. The best time for the work of cultivation as when the weeds are just coming up high enough to see it; the seeds will be small and their destruction easy, but when cultivation is delayed until the weeds overshadow the crop it is a very laborious task to cultivate them, and often impossible to destroy them. The farmer should always keep his eyes open and should make it a practice to go over his farm as often as possible to see that the insects do not get the advantage of him. The garden should be looked over every day during this month.

Hoeing.—Formerly the hay season did not commence until after the fourth of July, but now many farmers begin to cut early fields as soon as the twentieth of June, believing that the hay is better cut before fully ripe, and as it is now the custom to cut two crops, by cutting the first one early it gives the second one time to get well started before the hot, dry weather affects the roots of the grass. With the present implements for harvesting the hay crop the farmer is not obliged to devote his whole time to haying after he begins, but he can work a few days on his early fields and then work on his hoed crops until it is time to cut the grass in the later fields. Formerly the farmer, after he commenced haying, did not have time to cultivate his crops, so he let the weeds grow at the very season when it is the most important to destroy them to prevent the land from being filled with weed seeds; now many good farmers consider it quite as important to keep the weeds down the last of the season as the first, because by so doing the land is kept so free from weed seeds that cultivation in the spring and summer is done with much more ease.

Care of newly set trees.—Trees that have been set within two or three years should receive attention as soon as the hot, dry weather commences. If the soil be dry it is important that the ground for several feet around the trees should be kept mulched with some cooling material. Partially decayed leaves are excellent, but where these cannot be obtained eel grass, coarse hay, or even thoroughly decomposed muck, is much better than nothing; but whatever may be used care must be taken not to let it get dried through. When it is found that it is being dried to nearly the bottom, watering must be resorted to, and when a tree is watered it is best to use water enough to wet the soil at least a foot beyond where the roots of the tree extend. When thus watered and mulched it is rarely necessary to water more than once in the season. A tree that was set last year is quite as likely to die as one set this year; this is not generally understood, so as a rule even more trees die the second year than the first, because they are not as well cared for. A little care the second year would often save a tree. It is well to remember that a tree, as a rule, is not beyond danger of being injured by drouth until it has been set at least three years.

THE YUUNG ORCHARD.

The heavy fall of snow last winter has no doubt caused great injury to many of the young orchard trees. Wherever the snow drifted in deep banks so as to cover most of the branches of the trees, the heavy rains have esettled the snow so as to break many of the large limbs off the trees, unless the orchardist had taken the precaution to dig the trees out. This is quite a serious task if the orchard be extensive and the snow deep; but, serious as it is, it is much better to do it than to have the tops of the trees broken off, or even a portion of the principal limbs. If this work be done as soon as the storm is over, it is not as laborious a task as if neglected a few days, and the snow becomes more closely packed around the trees, as it will, and unless it be removed before it settles together very much, it will be very likely to bend the limbs out of shape, if it does not break them.

There is another danger to the orchard when the ground has been covered with a deep snow for several weeks, which is of being gnawed by the field mice. Many trees are ruined in this way. To prevent the mice from reaching the tree before winter sets in, a small mound of earth should be made around each tree; this is a very sure preventive; for the mice, working as they do just at the surface of the ground, leaving only the grass between their tracks and the snow, when they come to the mound of earth, there being no grass roots, there is nothing to invite them any farther towards the tree, and so they turn in another direction where they can find something to eat. When an orchard has been neglected and no protection has been provided before the snow comes, there is still time to protect the trees by the expenditure of a little more labor than to break the earth around the trees. This may be done by tramping the snow around each tree so as to make it very hard; this should be done as soon as the snow comes to any depth, and it should be continued after several snow storms; thus the snow may be made so hard around each tree that no mice will attempt to dig through it. The tramping should be done over a space of several feet around each tree. It is not so important to have it pressed hard against the trunk of the tree as it is to have it hard all around the tree one or two feet from it—in fact, it is not good policy to press the snow hard against the tree. The object is to keep the mice some distance from the tree by making the snow so hard that they will turn away.

A little attention to the orchard, even in mid winter, is needed; the mice, the rabbits and the cattle should all be kept from the young orchard; even the neglect of a single day will sometimes be sufficient to greatly injure, if not entirely destroy, many of the trees.

POISON SPRAY FOR ORCHARD PESTS.

Mr. T. G. Yeomans speaks, from much experience, in "The Country Gentleman," of London purple for orchard enemies as better than Paris green, because it is cheaper, mixes well with water, and does not need to be stirred to prevent precipitation. A pound to one hundred gallons is a suitable proportion, the poison being first made paste-like in a small dish and then added to the tank. He applies it with force-pump, suction pipe, hose etc.—costing, all complete, $10—one man driving the team and directing the nozzle, while another works the pump vigorously. Thus hundreds of trees may be sprayed in a day; he thinks the best time is about when the blossoms fall, or as soon thereafter as may be convenient, and the effect is very noticeable in improved quality of fruit, due to the destruction "not only of canker worms and codlin moths," but of all other insects injurious to the apple. Farmers who may try this heroic treatment were lately cautioned against the danger of turning animals upon the grass until after it and the foliage have been thoroughly washed by heavy rain.

AGRICULTURE IN MEXICO.

Although the main business of the country is agriculture, this branch of industry is carried on under exceptionally disadvantageous circumstances. One of its greatest drawbacks is, that the whole country is divided up into immence *haciendas*, or landed estates, small farms being rarely known; and out of a population of ten million or more, the title to the soil is said to vest in not more than six thousand persons. Some of these estates comprise square leagues instead of square acres in extent, and are said to have irrigating ditches from forty to fifty miles in length. Most of the land of such estates is uncultivated, and the water is wasted upon the remainder in the most reckless manner. The titles by which such properties are held are exceedingly varied, and probably to a considerable extent uncertain. Some came from the old Spanish Government, through its viceroys; some from Mexico, through its governors or political chiefs; while over a not inconsiderable part of all the good land of the country the titles of the Church, although not recognized by the Government, are still, to a certain extent, respected. Added to this, there is a marked indisposition on the part of the large owners of real estate in Mexico to divest themselves of such property; and this for various reasons. Thus, in the heretofore almost permanently revolutionary condition of the country, the tenure of *movable* or personal property was subject to embarrassments from which real estate, or *immovable* property, was exempt. Under the system of taxation which has long prevailed in Mexico, land also is very lightly burdened. And, finally, from what is probably an inherited tradition from Old Spain, the wealthy Mexican seems to be prejudiced against investing in co-operative (stock) or financial enterprises—the railways, banks, and mines, in both Old Spain and Mexico, for example, being to-day mainly owned and controlled by English or other foreign capitalists.—[Popular Science Monthly, for June.

☞ Mr. T. H. Hopkins, Butler county, Kansas, estimates this way, as to the cost of corn in Kansas, for Prairie Farmer: Clearin; off stalks, $10; ploughing 45 acres, $45g seed, $3.50; planting, $10; replanting, $3; cultivating, $48. Yield, 2,200 bushels. Gave one-half in field, leaving 1,100 bushels to husk at three cents per bushel, $33. Sold at twenty-five cents per bushel, paid for hauling to market, three cents per bushel. Total expense of growing, $188.50; net amount to grower, $86.50. This was for the year 1885.

CROSS-FERTILIZATION AND ITS EFFECT.

[New York Tribune.]

The cross-fertilization of plants, that is, the deposition of the pollen from the stamens of one flower on the pistil of another, is often very advantageous, even in many cases where the stamens and pistils are in the same flower and where it is therefore entirely unnecessary to bring pollen from another flower to secure any fertilization at all. Plants thus cross-fertilized will generally produce a greater number of seeds; or the plants of the next generation grown from these seeds are more vigorous and productive; or these advantages may be secured together. This useful cross-fertilization is usually brought about by insects, attracted by the bright colors or the aroma of the flowers to seek for nectar in them; and the shapes of the flowers are often so contrived as to force these visitors in reaching for nectar at the bottom of the flower to load themselves with pollen and to unload it on the pistil of another flower; and sometimes the contrivance is such as to specially favor this deposition of the pollen on the pistil of another flower rather than on the pistil of the flower whence the pollen was taken.

It was Darwin's careful observations and experiments, extending over a period of eleven years and on one hundred and twenty-five species of plants, that first established these important conclusions. His mode of experimenting consisted merely in inclosing one or more plants in a net while in bloom, thus effectually excluding all outside assistance in fertilization, and comparing the yield of seed or fruit, or vigor of growth, with that of plants freely exposed. Of these one hundred and twenty-five species, as many as sixty-five were classified as able to produce only half as much seed, or less, without the aid of insects as they could with it; some of these could produce no seed at all, others less or more up to the limit of one-half. Other interesting results were as follows: White clover in one of the trials produced on twenty protected heads only one abortive seed, against 2,290 on twenty uncovered heads; red clover produced no seeds without insect (bumblebee) aid; of potatoes, some varieties produced no seed unless cross-fertilized by pollen from some other variety; cabbage was fairly but not fully fertile; and flax, beets, beans, peas, tobacco and onions were fully able to get along without insect help.

Comparing weights of vegetable substance produced, six cabbage plants, "offspring of plants self-fertilized for two generations and then crossed from a fresh stock, exceeded in weight an equal number of plants of the third self-fertilized generation in the ratio of 100 to 22." In practical life to garner the number of generations of the plant through which this in-and-in fertilization of each flower from its own pollen had been forced, the greater was the final effect of bringing in the pollen from another plant; in one instance where it had continued for eight generations and then a part of the flowers were self-fertilized for another generation, and others cross-fertilized, the yield of seed was as three with the self-fertilization to one hundred with the cross-fertilization. Other observations indicated that there was very little gain in cross-fertilization one flower with pollen from another flower on the same plant, while the same species fertilization with pollen from a flower on another plant would produce a decided benefit, and that blossoms so fertilized were much less likely to be found in that large proportion of the flowers of every plant that come to naught, producing no seed.

WITNER FOOD FOR SWINE.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Now, while we would not be understood as saying that pumpkins, any more than mangel-wurtzels or any other root crops, are equal to corn as winter food for hogs, yet, what we do say is that when fed to growing hogs, along with corn, either of such crops is better than all corn for the complete development of the animal They are the next best substitute for grass, the best we can get in winter, and should be more extensively raised. Not that when fed alone at any season of the year they can be made to take the place of corn, for they contain too little of the fat and flesh-forming constituents to make a complete ration for the animal. But as winter food for growing hogs they are grand adjuncts to grain feed of any kind, as well as a most excellent corrective of the bowels. The stomach of a pig under six months old has not the digestive capacity to assimilate enough of such food to insure the necessary and harmonious development of form. As well might we expect yearling calves, wintered on straw, to develop into proper form. They may live on it and grow plenty of paunch, and that is all; but there is not nutriment enough in such food to keep up the animal heat without which there can be no complete development of form. Like pigs confined to grass or vegetable diet, there is bulk enough and to spare in the food, but it is not composed of such constituents as will meet the demands of nature in the full development of the carcass.

On the other hand, pigs as well as calves fed on grass alone have their digestive organs so disarranged by the over-secretion of fat as to prevent the full development of the system. We say such food is too heating, and so it is when fed alone, but that is no reason why we should jump at conclusions and denounce it while running wild over pumpkins, mangel wurtzels, or anything else. They both have their place in judicious feeding, and in the winter time, when there is no grass to be had, stock require along with their corn food something more succulent and easy to digest. To illustrate, a ton of corn in the ear contains but 228 pounds of water and 568 pounds of nitrogenous, albuminous and fatty matter, while a ton of pumpkins contains as much as 1,800 pounds of the former and only 28 pounds of the three latter. A ton of oats contains only 260 pounds of water and 610 pounds of nitrogenous albuminous and fatty matter, while a ton of mangel-wurzels contains 1,770 pounds of the former and only 32 pounds of the three latter. It is evident, then, that we cannot profitably feed pumpkins or mangel-wurzels alone, but their chief value is as a complement to grain feed. In other words, we cannot make fat and muscle as cheaply with pumpkins and mangels as with corn and oats. But as corn is too heating and constipating a food when fed by itself, and pumpkins and mangels is too washy, science and common-sense both tell us to feed enough of each if we would have a complete ration. It is from such a course of feeding that the best results come, whether for health or profitable growth. Pumpkins may be planted in the corn field as late as the first of June, and the yellow or cow pumpkin is the best for hogs.

A farmer named Albert Williams at Savannah, N. Y., had a severe fight with an eagle a few days ago. He was plowing near a thicket when a large eagle rose from the bushes and attempted to fly to the woods near by. One of the bird's wings being disabled, it could not fly very well, and Williams ran in pursuit. Suddenly the eagle alighted and the farmer attempted to seize it round the neck. In an instant the bird attacked him, fastening its great beak upon Mr. William's leg, at the same time grasping the lower part of the leg with its talons. The eagle's beak cut through the man's pantaloons and sank deep into the flesh of his leg. The farmer grasped the bird with his full strength, but was unable to remove the beak or talons. Blows with the hand were of no avail. Finally he managed to drag along to a pile of rails a few feet away and seizing a club dealt some heavy blows upon the eagle's head. Then the bird loosened its hold, and fell bruised and stunned at his feet. It measured from tip to tip of its wings seven feet and nine inches.

"HOMESTEAD LANDSCAPES."

BY PROFESSOR AUSTIN BOWEN.

[From an Address before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.]

Dr. G. Austin Bowen, of Woodstock, Conn., read an interesting paper on "Homestead Landscapes." He began by speaking of the charms of that cogent old Saxon word, "home," which in some way expresses more of human heart and feeling, and those conditions and sentiments that characterize a true manhood and womanhood, than any other word in the language. The influences of home create and develop not only the characters of men individually, but of mighty nations of men. It may be said that as a man is so *he* makes the home. But does not that home, once made, tend to keep him true to the instincts that prompted its construction, and does it not exert a wonderful influence upon his children, whose characters are still in the plastic state of formation? Therefore, time and thought spent in consideration of home improvement is not only permissible, but becomes a duty to the individual, the family and the community. And surely no section of our broad land offers more and better opportunities and facilities for both internal and external improvement of homes than our own loved New England.

The rude homesteads of New England, peopled by a sturdy race, have exerted, and are exerting this day, a perceptible effect upon our national prosperity and character, but, with the inevitable change that comes to all objects, they are slowly changing their character. The humble log cabin, picturesque in its simplicity, in time gave place to the more pretentious though still humble cot, which in turn succumbed to the square box, and this in its turn, in which so many clover in one of the trials produced on twenty protected heads only one abortive seed, against 2,290 on twenty uncovered heads; red clover produced no seeds without insect (bumblebee) aid; of potatoes, some varieties produced no seed unless cross-fertilized by pollen from some other variety; cabbage was fairly but not fully fertile; and flax, beets, beans, peas, tobacco and onions were fully able to get along without insect help.

Comparing weights of vegetable substance produced, six cabbage plants, "offspring of plants self-fertilized for two generations and then crossed from a fresh stock, exceeded in weight an equal number of plants of the third self-fertilized generation in the ratio of 100 to 22." In practical life to garner the number of generations of the plant through which this in-and-in fertilization of each flower from its own pollen had been forced, the greater was the final effect of bringing in the pollen from another plant; in one instance where it had continued for eight generations and then a part of the flowers were self-fertilized for another generation, and others cross-fertilized, the yield of seed was as three with the self-fertilization to one hundred with the cross-fertilization. Other observations indicated that there was very little gain in cross-fertilization one flower with pollen from another flower on the same plant, while the same species fertilization with pollen from a flower on another plant would produce a decided benefit, and that blossoms so fertilized were much less likely to be found in that large proportion of the flowers of every plant that come to naught, producing no seed.

WITNER FOOD FOR SWINE.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Now, while we would not be understood as saying that pumpkins, any more than mangel-wurtzels or any other root crops, are equal to corn as winter food for hogs, yet, what we do say is that when fed to growing hogs, along with corn, either of such crops is better than all corn for the complete development of the animal They are the next best substitute for grass, the best we can get in winter, and should be more extensively raised. Not that when fed alone at any season of the year they can be made to take the place of corn, for they contain too little of the fat and flesh-forming constituents to make a complete ration for the animal. But as winter food for growing hogs they are grand adjuncts to grain feed of any kind, as well as a most excellent corrective of the bowels. The stomach of a pig under six months old has not the digestive capacity to assimilate enough of such food to insure the necessary and harmonious development of form. As well might we expect yearling calves, wintered on straw, to develop into proper form. They may live on it and grow plenty of paunch, and that is all; but there is not nutriment enough in such food to keep up the animal heat without which there can be no complete development of form. Like pigs confined to grass or vegetable diet, there is bulk enough and to spare in the food, but it is not composed of such constituents as will meet the demands of nature in the full development of the carcass.

On the other hand, pigs as well as calves fed on grass alone have their digestive organs so disarranged by the over-secretion of fat as to prevent the full development of the system. We say such food is too heating, and so it is when fed alone, but that is no reason why we should jump at conclusions and denounce it while running wild over pumpkins, mangel wurtzels, or anything else. They both have their place in judicious feeding, and in the winter time, when there is no grass to be had, stock require along with their corn food something more succulent and easy to digest. To illustrate, a ton of corn in the ear contains but 228 pounds of water and 568 pounds of nitrogenous, albuminous and fatty matter, while a ton of pumpkins contains as much as 1,800 pounds of the former and only 28 pounds of the three latter. A ton of oats contains only 260 pounds of water and 610 pounds of nitrogenous albuminous and fatty matter, while a ton of mangel-wurzels contains 1,770 pounds of the former and only 32 pounds of the three latter. It is evident, then, that we cannot profitably feed pumpkins or mangel-wurzels alone, but their chief value is as a complement to grain feed. In other words, we cannot make fat and muscle as cheaply with pumpkins and mangels as with corn and oats. But as corn is too heating and constipating a food when fed by itself, and pumpkins and mangels is too washy, science and common-sense both tell us to feed enough of each if we would have a complete ration. It is from such a course of feeding that the best results come, whether for health or profitable growth. Pumpkins may be planted in the corn field as late as the first of June, and the yellow or cow pumpkin is the best for hogs.

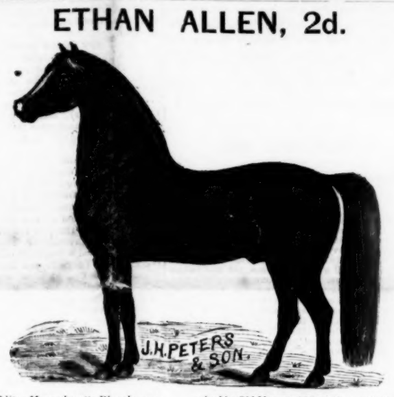
A farmer named Albert Williams at Savannah, N. Y., had a severe fight with an eagle a few days ago. He was plowing near a thicket when a large eagle rose from the bushes and attempted to fly to the woods near by. One of the bird's wings being disabled, it could not fly very well, and Williams ran in pursuit. Suddenly the eagle alighted and the farmer attempted to seize it round the neck. In an instant the bird attacked him, fastening its great beak upon Mr. William's leg, at the same time grasping the lower part of the leg with its talons. The eagle's beak cut through the man's pantaloons and sank deep into the flesh of his leg. The farmer grasped the bird with his full strength, but was unable to remove the beak or talons. Blows with the hand were of no avail. Finally he managed to drag along to a pile of rails a few feet away and seizing a club dealt some heavy blows upon the eagle's head. Then the bird loosened its hold, and fell bruised and stunned at his feet. It measured from tip to tip of its wings seven feet and nine inches.

AGRICULTURE IN MEXICO.

Although the main business of the country is agriculture, this branch of industry is carried on under exceptionally disadvantageous circumstances. One of its greatest drawbacks is, that the whole country is divided up into immence *haciendas*, or landed estates, small farms being rarely known; and out of a population of ten million or more, the title to the soil is said to vest in not more than six thousand persons. Some of these estates comprise square leagues instead of square acres in extent, and are said to have irrigating ditches from forty to fifty miles in length. Most of the land of such estates is uncultivated, and the water is wasted upon the remainder in the most reckless manner. The titles by which such properties are held are exceedingly varied, and probably to a considerable extent uncertain. Some came from the old Spanish Government, through its viceroys; some from Mexico, through its governors or political chiefs; while over a not inconsiderable part of all the good land of the country the titles of the Church, although not recognized by the Government, are still, to a certain extent, respected. Added to this, there is a marked indisposition on the part of the large owners of real estate in Mexico to divest themselves of such property; and this for various reasons. Thus, in the heretofore almost permanently revolutionary condition of the country, the tenure of *movable* or personal property was subject to embarrassments from which real estate, or *immovable* property, was exempt. Under the system of taxation which has long prevailed in Mexico, land also is very lightly burdened. And, finally, from what is probably an inherited tradition from Old Spain, the wealthy Mexican seems to be prejudiced against investing in co-operative (stock) or financial enterprises—the railways, banks, and mines, in both Old Spain and Mexico, for example, being to-day mainly owned and controlled by English or other foreign capitalists.—[Popular Science Monthly, for June.

☞ Mr. T. H. Hopkins, Butler county, Kansas, estimates this way, as to the cost of corn in Kansas, for Prairie Farmer: Clearin; off stalks, $10; ploughing 45 acres, $45g seed, $3.50; planting, $10; replanting, $3; cultivating, $48. Yield, 2,200 bushels. Gave one-half in field, leaving 1,100 bushels to husk at three cents per bushel, $33. Sold at twenty-five cents per bushel, paid for hauling to market, three cents per bushel. Total expense of growing, $188.50; net amount to grower, $86.50. This was for the year 1885.

ETHAN ALLEN, 2d.



To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

This Morgan horse is no doubt the purest bred Morgan now living. He partakes of the three strains of Morgan blood, namely, Woodbury Sherman and Bullrush. He runs through the different strains eight times to the old first original Justin Morgan horse. Pedigree as follows: He was sired by Peters Morgan; Peters Morgan was sired by Peters Old Vermont; Peters Old Vermont was sired by Old Gifford Morgan, he by old Woodbury Morgan, he by old Justin Morgan. Dam of Ethan Allen, 2d was raised by Stephen Dow of Woburn, Mass., and sired by old Ethan Allen out of his old famous Morgan mare Jennie; she was sired by Hale's old Green Mountain Morgan; her dam was owned by Dr. J. S. Woods of Boston, Mass., and was called Old Phebe. She was sired by Tom Morgan, he by True Briton, making him a half brother to Old Justin Morgan. Phebe's dam was sired by a horse called Nondescript Pedigree of Peters Morgan. He was by Old Vermont, he by Old Gifford Morgan, he by Woodbury, he by Old Justin. Dam of Peters Morgan was by Hunter, Jr., owned by Frank Goldthwait of Newport, N. H., he by F. A. Wiers' Morgan Hunter of Walpole, N. H.; Wiers' Hunter was sired by Old Morgan Gifford, he by Old Woodbury, he by Old Justin Morgan, and the dam of Wiers' Hunter was by Old Morgan Gifford; dam of Morgan Hunter, Jr., was sired by the old Bean horse, and he by Old Sherman Morgan, he by old Justin Morgan. Grand dam of Peters Morgan was sired by Old General Hibbard, he by Old Woodbury, he by Old Justin Morgan. Great grand dam of Peters Morgan was sired by Old Bullrush Morgan, he by Old Justin Morgan. Dam and grand dam of Peters Morgan were raised by Welcom Partridge of Croydon, N. H. Peters Old Vermont was sired by Old Gifford Morgan, he by Old Woodbury Morgan, he by Old Justin Morgan; dam of Peters Old Vermont was sired by Hale's Old Green Mountain Morgan, he by Old Gifford Morgan, he by Old Woodbury Morgan, he by Old Justin Morgan; the dam of Peters Old Vermont and the grand dam of Ethan Allen, 2d, was one and the same mare. Ethan, 2d, was eight years old last season, stands fifteen hands high, weight about ten hundred pounds, has never been trained for speed, has always been kept for stock purposes, but in his exercise has shown remarkable bursts of speed, and it has been remarked by good judges of horses that his motion was very much like his grand-sire, old Ethan Allen. P.

"HOMESTEAD LANDSCAPES."

BY PROFESSOR AUSTIN BOWEN.

[From an Address before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.]

Dr. G. Austin Bowen, of Woodstock, Conn., read an interesting paper on "Homestead Landscapes." He began by speaking of the charms of that cogent old Saxon word, "home," which in some way expresses more of human heart and feeling, and those conditions and sentiments that characterize a true manhood and womanhood, than any other word in the language. The influences of home create and develop not only the characters of men individually, but of mighty nations of men. It may be said that as a man is so *he* makes the home. But does not that home, once made, tend to keep him true to the instincts that prompted its construction, and does it not exert a wonderful influence upon his children, whose characters are still in the plastic state of formation? Therefore, time and thought spent in consideration of home improvement is not only permissible, but becomes a duty to the individual, the family and the community. And surely no section of our broad land offers more and better opportunities and facilities for both internal and external improvement of homes than our own loved New England.

The rude homesteads of New England, peopled by a sturdy race, have exerted, and are exerting this day, a perceptible effect upon our national prosperity and character, but, with the inevitable change that comes to all objects, they are slowly changing their character. The humble log cabin, picturesque in its simplicity, in time gave place to the more pretentious though still humble cot, which in turn succumbed to the square box, and this in its turn, in which so many true of a dwelling placed upon a hill; without some contrasting surroundings it looks barren and cold. This appearance, however, can be relieved by planting trees in such positions as in time to somewhat shut it in and yet not overshadow it. Give it a background of tall trees which will break up the regularity of the sky-line formed by the straight roof, and plan to shut out from prominence the outbuildings by groups or bands of evergreens.

As the plan slowly enlarges its borders as we depart from the house, a lawn comes notably to the mind, for there is no one feature that gives a greater air of elegance and comfort to a place than a well-grassed lawn. They are often expensive, and scarcely repay the labor bestowed upon them; then again, they are objects of great beauty, and appear always in order without expense or toil. The details of their construction must vary with the conditions of every place, but the forming of one will at once do away with one of the greatest defects of many of our country houses—the little dooryard fences running to every corner of the house, too small for any practical use, harboring noxious weeds, and giving tangled decaying grass the supremacy, rendering the ground moist and unwholesome; they are inconvenient, unattractive, expensive and unnecessary. Make a note on your plan for their immediate removal, and then proceed to lay out a driveway from the highway to the house, embracing a circular or oval turn convenient to the front door, and continuing to the stable. This should be at least twelve feet wide, and should follow the easiest and most accessible route. Pathways should also be provided for from the house to the highway, the well, the various outbuildings, and places most frequented. One simple rule will dictate the route of all paths and driveways and insure a greceful outline; it is merely to follow the trail one would make in going from one point to another. Instinctively the feet will seek the easiest direction, avoiding rocks, shrubs and undulations. The spaces intervening between the walks will form the lawns, and should not be graded too much, but simply have the surface smoothed, retaining all prominent or curious rocks and native shrubbery. It is almost a universal rule that lawns in our Eastern States are too small. In other sections they understand this better, and do not hesitate to devote several acres to this use, and certainly no one item will contribute more of an air of elegance to even a humble place than an extensive opening around the dwelling. To get this it is often necessary to throw the fields adjacent to the house into one large enclosure.

The general outlines of a plan are about all that can be secured in the first draught. A few groups of shrubbery can be indicated at what might be called natural positions, such as at the divergence of paths, the ends or sides of rocks, at the base of cliffs, or as screens to outbuildings, etc., but the details must be left for future development.

The whole farm, as well as the immediate premises about the door, should show the effects of an artistic directing mind. An old "alder run" may be transformed into a grove of elms and maples with a few outstanding willows, and possibly a fish pond to be created by a modest dam. Work should be so planned that not a stroke shall be lost; thus if a few loads of loam are required in grading, the bed of a future roadway will supply it, and the excavation made will serve as a dumping place for stones removed from the fields.

In developing a homestead landscape it should always be kept prominently in mind that we are not creating a park, but looking for profit as well as pleasure, and are running a farm on business principles; while grafting our taste for beauty we have a need for dollars, and must plant accordingly: therefore, our varieties of trees cannot always be the most ornamental, but must consist largely of those in demand for timber, the idea being that in the future the thinning out and the occasional clearing of well-grown spots will produce a cash income in addition to fuel for household wants. Trees can be secured at a very small expenditure by collecting the seedlings of native kinds from the woods, and others may be purchased of nurseymen at very low rates while young, and reared in a nursery.

The essayist closed his paper with a plea for our native shrubs, many of which rival those from more favored climes. A lawn can be made exceedingly attractive with such shrubs at merely the cost of transplanting. The May apple, clethra, elderberry, thorn apple, the beautiful laurels, the brilliant black alder, the various viburnums and cornels, and of vines the clematis, bittersweet and woodbine are some of the most attractive.

CEMETERY SUGGESTIONS.

The unattractive "graveyards" of old have very generally given place to neatly designed rural cemeteries. But glaring errors are yet frequent, even in what are known as first-class grounds. The nearer we approach the design of a beautiful landscape, without tall headstones and iron railings to mar the view, the more attractive the work appears. All attempt at formality should be avoided. The necessary drives and walks ought to be few but substantial, and kept clean and smooth. The greatest charm of any place, however, is a well-graded surface covered with dense green turf. There should be no boundary fences or hedges to the private lots; even the corner posts should not rise above the surface of the ground. Large trees set in these enclosures are out of place, and a mass of shrubs jumbled together without system or judgment is quits as bad. The cemetery of the future will be managed as are the streets in Washington, D. C., where the entire arrangement of the trees is left to a commission, who alone have the right to plant and remove.

The majority of lot owners, without experience and often without taste in gardening, create a burlesque of their little compartments, which a properly selected committee would avoid. When the prejudice of centuries has been overcome, the unsightly mounds will be effaced and a neat, flat stone placed level with the surface will be all that is necessary to mark the cherished spot. Flowers in rural cemeteries are indispensable. But how much better it would be to follow the advice of a competent landscape gardener in their arrangement than allow each lot-holder to follow his own inclination in a matter of which he is doubtless ignorant. Experience in more than one case has demonstrated the wisdom of this course. One important point gained by removing all obstructions is in allowing the lawn mower to run rapidly over the entire surface, and so preserve the grass in good condition. No selection of trees and shrubs is suggested here; much depends upon location and surroundings; that belongs to the landscape gardener.—[N. Y. Tribune.

"HEDGES."

BY S. MILLER.

The culture of hedges is a subject of great importance to farmers generally, and particularly to those living where timber is scarce. The labor and timber required to build any ordinary fence will cost about twice as much as the same length of hedge fence—at least on the average farm of Seneca county, Ohio, where timber is becoming very valuable. The labor of keeping both in repair is about the same, according to my experience, and I have had a good deal; besides, hedge fence is truly ornamental, when well cultivated and neatly trimmed. Those who pronounce hedge a failure certainly have had little experience with it. And it does not take up the fertility as some represent, if kept properly trimmed. If allowed to grow up as it pleased, it might, but that is not the way to keep hedges. Such fences are a nuisance, and the law provides against them. No community should ever tolerate them.

Last season I had a field of corn, along which was a hedge eighty rods long, and my best corn grew alongside the hedge, the first three or four rows being especially good. The first row stood about four feet from center of hedge.

Having had about eight years' experience in hedge culture, I propose to give it for what it is worth. I want no company to grow hedge for me. The part of the labor required of the owner is *the* essential part, viz., preparation of soil, protecting and cultivating, and caring for the plants at least three years.

I remove the rail fence, where I want the hedge, in the fall, and build a temporary fence with a part of the rails. Then I plow up the old fence row, and thus get rid of all the brush, briers, weeds, etc., leaving the dead furrow in the center of old fence row. During the winter I haul the manure as it is cleaned out of the stables, and deposit it in the dead furrow pretty liberally.

About May 1, I plow the ground again, back-furrow, and cast up a pretty high ridge in the middle, so that after plants are set there will be a gradual descent from the plants to edge of plowed ground, which should be about five feet wide. I pulverize the bed finely, and set out good two-year old plants, six inches apart, leaving two buds, or about three inches above ground, cultivate and hoe thoroughly during first season, as it must be kept perfectly clean. No one need expect success without clean culture.

The next spring, about June 1, cut the plants back to about six inches high, to secure a strong, close bottom, or foundation, which is essential to a good fence. Cultivate and hoe the second season, same as first. New shoots will spring out and grow during the second season, about three or four feet long. These must be cut back to about eighteen inches, in the spring, which will terminate the trimming till the temporary fence can be removed. The same cultivation is continued the third year, and in the fall the temporary fence is taken away. The hedge by this time is a success.

My method of trimming after this is as follows: I trim twice a year, as near the 15th of June and 15th of September as convenient, as at these times the shoots or branches are tender and can be easily cut with a knife, better than pruning shears made for the purpose. I always use the shears, as a much neater job can be done with them. When convenient, I always trim on wet days, when farm work is not pressing. I trim square on top and sides perpendicular, leaving fence from 2 1-2 to 3 1-2 feet high. Some may think this method too tedious, but the ornamentation of hedges along any thoroughfare justifies a little extra labor. I have trimmed eighty rods a day in this way. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

There are various other methods of culture, such as braiding and plashing, but the foregoing has proved a success throughout my eight years' practical experience.—[Cor. Ohio Farmer.

Horticulture.

RIPENING OF FRUIT.

BY HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Before a very recent session of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the venerable pomologist, Marshall P. Wilder, gave a very valuable paper on the above subject, concluding it with the following statements:

The conditions of success may be briefly stated as follows: The *perfect control and temperature, light and moisture.* All experience shows that these conditions must be complied with or success cannot be attained; hence these apartments must be cool, and constructed so as to exclude at pleasure the external atmosphere, which starts fermentation. After many years of experience, both with and without ice, I have adopted a house built in a cool, shady aspect, with the door on the north, and with a thoroughly drained and cemented cellar, with small, double windows, which may be opened or closed at pleasure. In this way I am enabled to keep my late fall and winter pears until February or March in good condition. Apples may be kept at a lower temperature than pears—say 34 degrees to 10 degrees.

In a fruit room of this kind, Mr. John J. Thomas writes me, that by admitting air on cold nights, and closing the entrances when the air is warm, he has had sound Lawrence pears in March, and Josephine of Malines in April, and Baldwin apples in June.

My late fall and winter fruits, intended for long keeping, are allowed to remain on the trees until frost is apprehended. They are then gathered with great care, into bushel boxes, and placed on the north side of my fruit house in tiers of boxes six or seven feet high, and covered with boards, where they are kept until the ground begins to freeze. They are then removed to the cellar, piled up in the same manner, with thin strips of boards or shingles between the boxes, until wanted for use, when the boxes are looked over and the most mature are from time to time taken out. In this way I keep pears until March or April in perfect condition.

In regard to the use of ice, I would say that where fruits are kept for some months under its influence at a low temperature, they seem to lose much of their flavor; the cellular tissue also seems to have become dry, and to have lost its vitality or power to resume the ripening process. Experience proves that, for the common varieties of the pear, about forty degrees Fahrenheit is the temperature best suited to hold this process in equilibrium. The proper maturing of fruit thus preserved demands skill and science. Different varieties require different degrees of moisture and heat, according to the firmness of the skin and the texture of the flesh. Thus some varieties of the pear will ripen at a low temperature and in a comparative dry atmosphere, while others are improved by a warm and humid air. Some varieties of the pear ripening with difficulty, and formerly esteemed only second rate, are now pronounced of excellent quality because the art of maturing them is better understood. Great improvement has been made in the handling, packing and preservation of fruits, so that they are delivered in perfect condition from distant places, every class of fruit having its suitable style of package. So well is the art of keeping grapes now understood that we have them in our markets in such fine order as to command from fifteen to twenty cents per pound until the month of May.

WHAT APPLES TO RAISE.

BY JASON DOWNING.

Among the many sorts of apples fully tested in my own orchard I have never found one that is superior to the old Roman-stem. It is a profuse bearer each alternate year, and annually fair, of fruit above medium, slightly oblong, with fleshy knob on stem end; a good keeper till late spring. The tree is as hardy as the pine, makes a first-class stock to cultivate tender sorts on, such as Rawles' Jannet, Grimes' Golden, Smith's Cider, white and red Winter Pearmains, Fall Wine, and many others which are worthy of cultivation, though not all first-class fruits. Grimes' Golden is classed with "Ironclads," to which it does not belong. I have lost more of that excellent variety from bark bursting than any other, Rawles' Jannet excepted. It is a firm grower, branches hardy, and a profuse bearer of excellent fruit each alternate year; a little oblong, above medium, mild sub-acid, beautiful golden yellow, late fall and early winter. The chief excellence of Rawles' Jannet consists in its long keeping and late blooming, often behind all others ten days; in quality only second rate, will keep till June if kept in barrels in a cool, dry place. Ben Davis and Smith's Cider are similar in shape, size, color and quality; neither above second rate, but being good bearers, of fruit above medium, and good keepers, make them worthy. Ben Davis is quite hardy. Smith's Cider as a tree is very tender. Baldwin and King of Tompkins county as trees are very dissimilar, Baldwin forming a close, compact head, while King is very open and spreading; both are hardy, fruit large to very large (King to a fault), skin yellow, nearly overspread with red, a shade lighter on Kings; speci nens however can be selected so nearly identical in all their external app

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

☞ PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.—The *Ploughman* phonographic reports of the "Meetings of Farmers" held in the Hall of the *Ploughman* Building, and published in our columns, have been copyrighted, with a view of reproducing the same in a more enduring form.

MEETING OF FARMERS.

As the spring and summer season advances, the Farmers' Meetings will not be held every Saturday in the hall of the *Ploughman* building, as they have been through the winter, but a week's interval or so is likely to occur between them from time to time, of which, however, timely notice will not fail to be given. The only remark now necessary to be made respecting them is that they will not be held with their customary unbroken regularity, but that the time appointed for each of them will be duly announced to the expectant and interested public.

In a ride through a large portion of Middlesex County, during the past week, we noticed with much satisfaction that the pest from which orchardists have suffered for a number of years past, namely, the canker-worm, has generally failed to put in an appearance this season. He has, in most localities, shown symptoms of welcome decadence for two or three years past. It is to be sincerely hoped that this hated invader of our gardens and orchards, that not many years since caused some of them to look as if a devastating fire had run through them, has gone to stay. Its permanent absence will not be deplored. It is supposed by some that the persistent parasite was, on a recent year, either in the fall or spring, enticed out on parade up the trees by a warm spell, and then suddenly caught in a pinch of severe wintry weather; and by others, that on some recent spring, last year or this year, the apple leaves got the start of it and became too tough for its young broods to browse on them. Either supposition is likely to satisfy any one whose chief concern is for the welfare of the orchards and their regular supplies of fruit. The trees never looked finer or more forward than they do at the present time.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Monday, which was the last day of spring, was as perfect a day as was ever born out of the sky. None could have been more fitted for the use to which it has become consecrated in the hearts of our entire population. It was the day set apart from all the other days of the year for paying affectionate and grateful tribute to the patriotic dead whose lives were the larger part of the cost of cementing our Union as free States. In Boston and vicinity, in all the towns round about, throughout the Commonwealth, and all over that part of the country which contended for the indissolubility of the Union, it was appropriately and reverently observed by the surviving comrades of the patriotic dead, the people in a body assisting and sympathetically looking on. Music's strains were heard everywhere on the clear air; flowers decorated the graves of the departed heroes; the flag of the Union was to be seen on every hand as the emblem of the ruling spirit; and eloquent addresses and orations were pronounced in eulogy of deeds that were the enduring guarentee of an undivided country. The graves to be annually decorated are steadily increasing in number, and the ranks of the veterans are thining visibly; but as long as men live to enjoy the fruits of devoted heroism and sacrifice, not one of them all will fail to receive its yearly tribute of fragrant flowers, or its occupant to receive the spoken gratitude and praise of those who inherit the fruits of their patriotic exertions.

THE PRESIDENT'S MARRIAGE.

The wedding of a President of the United States, and a bachelor, in the White House, is an event of such public interest as to transcend the limits strictly recognized as social. It occurred on Wednesday evening last, and was arranged to be as quiet an affair as befitted the dignified position of the distinguished bridegroom. The wedding took place in what is known as the blue room, and only twenty-five persons were present as witnesses of the ceremony. Much mystery had been thrown around the matter from the force of circumstances, and the comments of the journals were more or less curious in consequence of their want of all reliable information. The bride was Miss Folsom, a young lady of twenty-three years, and known personally to the President from her school-girl days. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Byron Sunderland of Washington. There was no decorative display made save with flowers, while the Marine Band discoursed delicious music for the occasion. The President and his bride will pass a week or ten days at the White House. Miss Folsom, who arrived from Europe on Saturday morning last with her mother, left New York on Wednesday for Washington, with her former travelling companion, and went directly to the White House. The few invitations sent out were in the form of personal notes from the President, reading as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, May 29, 1886.

"MY DEAR MR.——:—I am to be married on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at the White House, to Miss Folsom. It will be a very quiet affair, and I will be extremely gratified at your attendance on the occasion."

TREES IN THE STREETS.

The New York Academy of Sciences at Columbia College recently had a discussion of the sanitary influence of tree planting in that city, and a paper was read by Dr. Stephen Smith, in the course of which he declared that from three thousand to five thousand people die in New York every year from the summer temperature, the death rate rising with the rising heat of the summer months. The heat in the arid, treeless streets and avenues often runs, he stated, from 130 deg. to 150 Fahrenheit, while under the branches of a thick shade tree, which could occasionally be found in a side street, the thermometer would register no more than 70 to 80 deg. Because there were no trees to shelter the streets, the temperature of the stone and brick walls gradually increased from day to day with the summer, the night bringing little or no mitigation. If the streets were lined with trees the heat of the pavements and adjacent walls would not only be many degrees less, but the trees around absorb the deleterious gases that were thrown off by decomposing matter. We said that the, value of trees systematically cultivated in the city could not be estimated. We made but a brief reference to their beautifying effect. So tree planting becomes as much a necessity in our cities as in our towns and villages, and all along our country roads and avenues.

FATE OF THE HOME RULE BILL.

The called meeting of the Chamberlain party on Monday numbered fifty-five persons, members of the House of Commons. Of these fifty-two resolved to vote against the reading of the bill, only three supporting Mr. Gladstone. In a letter from John Bright, which was read by Mr. Chamberlain, he vehemently condemned the bill, pledged himself to vote against it, and urged others to do likewise. It is thought the letter will induce many to vote against the measure who were inclined merely to abstain from voting. Intense excitement was said to be caused in the lobby of the House when the result of the Chamberlain meeting became known. Defeat was admitted by the ministerial party itself to be inevitable, and there occurred a general rush of members to the telegraph offices to send orders to their election agents to prepare for an immediate dissolution of Parliament. A majority of over fifty against the second reading of the bill is expected. Mr. Chamberlain told the meeting that the result of a general election would be the defeat of the Gladstone candidates. He said that the country was awakening to the fact that it was menaced with ruin. At the time of writing it cannot be told whether the defeat of the bill will result in a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country, or Mr. Gladstone will be forced to resign in the face of an overwhelming opposition majority, in which latter case it is expected that Lord Hartington will be summoned by the Queen to form a new ministry.

THE NEW SUMMER.

Spring ended for the current year on Monday last, a Memorial Day in a double sense, and summer began on Tuesday. The vernal season ended with a perfect day, skies, atmosphere and vegetation all combining to bewitch the spirit through the senses. Spring has this year proved exceptionally true to the traditions with which the poets appear to be more familiar than other mortals. It was, in fact, a highly exemplary season, being forward, promising, and of generous performance. The older class of people have united in the confession that it was a really old-fashioned affair. Blossom time, sacred to childhood and youth, came on full two weeks earlier that has been its wont. Verdure threw its mantle over the landscape seemingly all at once, the leaves unrolling their little frills and the grass pushing out its green blades almost together. Never was there a more profuse display of efflorescence on hill and meadow, in orchard and pasture. Every little scrub of an apple-bush that had life broke out in a jubilee of blossoming. It seemed as if nature were trying to wear her happiest smile.

And after this prelude, prolonged far beyond the custom of these later years, we are entered upon the summer time; season of vigorous growths, scorching suns, steaming atmospheres, and sure symptoms of maturity and mellowness. The bared arms of the farmer are to tan so much darker shades before it is ended, and the multitudinous pores of his skin are to open wide to exude the biliary and other secretions of the long winter spent largely within doors. June, as the leader of the summer months, is the most truly royal of them all. It is matched by no other month in the twelve except October. Together, and considered with reference to the garniture and living glory of the year, they may be called the eastern and western gates through which it enters with one kind of pomp and splendor to make its exit by the other. June is the month of all months, in this latitude of ours, to enjoy the outer world in its best estate, with no ebb to the tide of jubilant feeling. The farmer no less than the fisherman appropriates its sweet delights; youthful lovers find it a prolonged dream; and the "old folks at home" feel life to be a blessing again.

After all is said and done, the life of sense is at certain seasons and periods a purely delicious one, scarcely to be distinguished from that of spirit. And June and summer supply its most perfect and full conditions. Everybody instinctively goes out of doors from this time onward. All secretly confess nature to be their true and only mother. Without consciousness of it, they silently acknowledge he, to be divine. The ploughman with his team, the traveller on the roads, the stroller across the fields, and the man meditating on the porch, all alike bear testimony in different ways to the sovereignty of the season over their being. June contains its promise and performance together. With its gilding moonlight and its streaming sun-rays, its lush vegetation, its swimming streams, its thoroughly awakened animal life, and its matchless harmonies of color, odor, and sound, it challenges its rivals of every name to successful competition with its claims to supremacy in the hearts and thoughts of men. Let none of us become so absorbed in labor as to suffer its bloom to be worn off without enjoying its perfect beauty in the passage of the month. The eastern gate is now wide open for us all to enter into the new paradise of earthly happiness.

GLADSTONE'S HOME-RULE BILL.

It is far from an easy matter to make upone's mind whether Mr. Gladstone won a victory, a quasi-victory, or a defeat, in the exciting session of the House of Commons on one of the last nights of last week. Opinions differ according to the point of view taken. The premier's objective point is, to induce the Commons to affirm the innate and inalienable right of the Irish people to rule themselves in all that relates to their local interests. He has labored as no party and parliamentary leader ever labored before for the cause he has espoused, combining the most wonderful dexterity of management with the utmost vigor of action in the task of securing a majority of the Liberal party for the support of home-rule.

The home-rule Liberals who were invited by him to a conference before the motion of the second reading of the bill was to come up in the House, met on Thursday afternoon of last week, and when the meeting broke up it was currently believed that he had carried his point and secured a majority for the second reading of his measure. He offered the largest concession to the disaffected and hostile Liberals, but nothing to the Whigs. They were even excluded from the meeting by the terms of the call. He asked the Liberals, by a vote for a second reading, to affirm the principle of the bill, namely, the establishment in Ireland of a legislative body for the conduct of Irish as distinguished from Imperial affairs.

If by their aid he obtained a majority of the House for a second reading, he promised that the bill should then be dropped. And he further offered to amend it so that the Irish representatives should return to Westminster whenever questions reserved by the bill for the imperial Parliament, or imperial questions, should arise. And still further, that no one, by voting for the second reading of the home-rule bill, would thereby be obliged to support the land purchase bill. If the second reading should be carried with this understanding, he promised that the House would not be asked to make further progress with the bill at this session; the session was to be brought to a close and an amended bill was to be introduced in the autumn.

This was the result of the preliminary meeting. Satisfied in his own mind that there was a majority in the House for home-rule in some form, Mr. Gladstone merely intended to ask it to pledge itself to the principle, though he clearly saw that there was no chance of carrying it through the House at the present session. The ministerial party on Friday showed every symptom of jubilation. But on that night a motion made by a distinguished member of the House in opposition, a speech was drawn out from Mr. Gladstone, delivered under a high state of excitement, in the course of which he stated that those who voted for the second reading of the home-rule bill would stand pledged to more than the mere principle of home-rule, that is, to its support in its amended form, whatever it might be, when introduced in the autumn. In short, the vote for the second reading of the bill he should interpret as a pledge to support his new bill in October.

The break became almost a fatal one on the spot. The members of his own Cabinet even exclaimed against so unexampled a precedent as asking Parliament to proceed to the second reading of a bill which is dead. Lord Randolph Churchill, the Tory leader, accused Mr. Glandstone of speaking with two voices,—one to the Irish that the new bill shall be the same as the old one, and a voice to the Radicals that the new bill shall be reconstructed. He vehemently protested against the attempt to treat a vote for the second reading of the present bill as binding members to support a new and different bill to be introduced at another session. Lord Hartington, a distinguished Liberal leader, said that this home-rule bill is dead, and nobody yet knows what will be produced in its place. It is conceded on all sides that Mr. Gladstone has diminished his majority, whatever it was, or if he really had one. The one great thing in his favor is the deep and strong disinclination of the leaders of the Liberal party to force a dissolution of Parliament and a new election, for they feel that it would be the end of the Liberal party forever.

SPRINGFIELD'S CELEBRATION.

The city and town of Springfield, in this State, celebrated its quarter millennial on Wednesday, May 26th, the population of Springfield and the towns that have gone out from her uniting in the festival. It was a famous time for all concerned, and one to be treasured to the end of their lives. Just two hundred and fifty years before, William Pynchon and his associates signed their agreement for the government of the new settlement of Agawam, on the Connecticut. The celebration of the day was opened with salutes of cannon and the ringing of bells, and ended with a grand ball at night in the City Hall. The country in and around the old town looked its best in its fresh spring garniture. Rural beauty and urban convenience were charmingly combined. The scene is one made up of river, meadow, and hill, and never were all more attractive to the eyes of the beholder.

The complete doings of the day were faithfully reported by the enterprise of the Springfield *Republican*, which is equivalent to saying that the report was a perfect one. The *Republican* never does any thing by halves. It issued an Anniversary Supplement, interspersing its vivid representation of the proceedings with portraits of a number of the leading personages officiating. It would occupy far more space than we have to give, to undertake even on full two weeks earlier that has been its a cursory account of the proceedings of the day. In order to comprehend and enjoy the affair, it is necessary to procure a copy of the Springfield *Republican* "Anniversary Supplement," in which it is recited in detail. A more thoroughly enterprising piece of work of the kind it does not often fall to our lot to praise. The picture of Springfield's settlement, together with its subsequent history, is presented to the eye. Oration, poem, address, chronicle, song, portrait and pictured representation, all conspire to make the occasion a living scene for the admiration and wonder of readers everywhere.

The admirable address of Gov. Robinson is given in full. Then follow responses from the towns by their chosen speakers, to the Mayor's address of welcome. The oration of Judge Morris is a concise historical review, and a pattern of a memorial production. The ode by Judge Shurtless is over two columns long, and describes the pilgrimage of the settlers from the Massachusetts Bay region. The five-mile parade is vividly described and plentifully illustrated with representations of the historic houses and other objects which mark the progress and growth of the town and city. A plan of the dining-hall at the Massasoit House is likewise given, with the names of the guests in their seats at the table. And all is ended with a minute description of the decorations along the route of the procession. A faithful portrait of William Pynchon, the founder of Springfield, forms the fit frontispiece. The whole is a monumental piece of newspaper enterprise, on which a greatly extended public is bestowing its appreciation.

WHAT CANADA IS AFTER.

The very latest phase of the fisheries dispute is seen in the reported conference of Minister Phelps with Lord Roseberry, the foreign secretary, in pursuance of instructions from the United States Government. It is stated in English official circles that the British Government is rather glad than otherwise that the trouble has occurred, as it is thought the present dispute will hasten a lasting settlement. That would strongly imply that the Home Government intends to over-ride the schemes of the Canadian Government in the matter. The trial of the seizure cases will shortly occur in the admiralty court of the Dominion. The report is that the counsel on both sides are trying to agree upon the facts to be submitted, in order to argue the points of law on their strict merits. The common desire is to argue the legal right to buy bait within the three mile limit in order to fish without the limit.

Judge Savary of Digby, Nova Scotia, confesses the whole truth in regard to the purpose of the Canadians in an interview published in the Halifax Herald. "If we yield the bait question," says he, "we yield everything we have by which to secure compensatory advantages, and our fishery privileges are irrevocably gone." He added that Canada must enforce the most vigorous protection in order that "either the United States must give us a free market for our fish, or by denying them bait and ice we shall cripple their fishing industry, and thus finally have access to their markets in spite of themselves."

This is a very frank statement indeed The case, in fact, could not be stated better. This is not a quarrel begun by England or at her instigation; it was picked with us by Canada as soon as it became known that we would not appoint members of a joint commission to revive the reciprocity treaty under which the provincial fishermen practically controlled our fish markets. Satisfied that we could not be persuaded to enter into such an arrangement a second time, Canada fell all at once to bullying us. This Nova Scotia judge states it just as it is, when he says that we must either give the Canada fishermen a free market for their fish or they will put it out of the power of our fishermen to enjoy their own market by refusing them bait and ice to fish with; and when they have done this, they can have our market without the asking.

The assertion was originally made by the Canadians that American fishermen could not do anything at all if they were forbidden to fish within the three-mile limit. That, however, was soon shown to be without foundation by the reply of our fishermen that they cared nothing about the three-mile limit, as they took their fish wholly outside of it. What, then, were the Canadians to do in such a case? There was nothing left them but to deny our fishermen the privilege of buying bait of the poor Nova Scotians and Newfoundlanders who make their living by catching and selling squid; and this is a matter that really has nothing to do with the main point in dispute, which is the free enjoyment of our market, such as they have had for the past few years. It is manifestly a matter of much interest for Canada, for she has everything to gain. Her purpose is to destroy our fishing industry by getting possession of our market herself; and if she cannot do that under the mask of reciprocity, with reciprocity all on one side like a jug handle, then she will see if she can do it by preventing our fishermen from getting bait and supplies to fish with.

FOREIGN LANDLORDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Few people can be aware of the increasing extent of the ownership of public land in this country by foreign citizens, including men of rank in England and Scotland especially. For instance, the Marquis of Tweeddale has succeeded in getting into his possession as the sole owner over a million and a half acres of the most valuable part of our country lying beyond the Mississippi River. That is a tract in its full extent equalling a State of twice the size of Rhode Island. He of course has no intention of ever becoming a citizen of this country, but means to put tenants on the soil he owns here and extract rents which are to be spent in Europe, doing nobody any good here. This is precisely the principle of absentee Irish landlordism which is to-day the most perplexing, if not perilous, problem in British politics.

There are other titled foreign owners of large tracts of our land. The Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Dunraven, and Sir William Whalley, are each said to be holders of immence tracts of lands in the West, amounting in some instances to hundreds of thousands of acres. And British corporations are also reported to have purchased vast tracts of our territory, in evasion of the homestead law which was passed by Congress for the express purpose of protecting domestic settlers in search of homesteads for their families. The case of the Duke of Sutherland acquires an unenviable distinction from the notorious fact that he owns an estate in the highlands of Scotland extending across the entire country from sea to sea, acquired by the cruel expulsion of the clansmen of his family, who were the humble and dependent tenants of the soil.

As the New York Sun forcibly and spiritedly expresses it: "We will brook no anarchism here, and we look on alien landlordism as even more detestable and deadly. We will not suffer foreign countries to dump their criminals and outcasts on our shores, and we will endure as little the migration of ideas and practices which the conscience of awakened England has condemned as public crimes." If foreign dukes and others want to own homesteads in our territory, let them come over, like other emigrants, and take out their naturalization papers and in due time become lawful citizens; but the role of British landowner is not to be played in this country. If the so-called "quality" of Great Britian contemn our free institutions, let them keep off of our free lands also. We want none of their ownership here, to the crowding out of honest and poor but independent founders of homes. A bill is now before Congress to prevent aliens from acquiring lands in the Territories of the United States.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Interesting Exercises at the Tomb of General Grant.

Thousands of people visited Grant's tomb at Riverside yesterday. The floral decorations were very fine. The front of the tomb was draped with ivy sprigs so thickly as almost to hide the brickwork. On each side of the gate were beautiful wreaths of lilies, red and yellow roses and ferns. The iron boxes of the gate were entwined with sprays of smilax, mixed with roses. Over the gate was a crown of magnificent lilies and other flowers, with a white dove descending on it, and round the half-circle of the arch was the inscription, "Faithful unto death."

Over the keystone of the arch stood a floral cross of Easter lilies, roses and smilax. The interior of the tomb was a mass of palm branches, foliage, plants and ferns, maiden-hair and others. On each side of the gateway, on the exterior side, were disposed scrolls of white immortelles, with purple letters forming the words, "Fame" and "Peace," and in front of the entrance was a three-inch gun composed of white immortelles, with a carriage of ivy. A white dove perched on the muzzle. The largest and most complicated floral device was that sent from Bay City, Mich. It stood on the left of the tomb. It was a shield seven feet high, composed of immortelles, roses and red punks. On the summit was a dove with olive branch in beak. Below was inscribed, "Mt. St Gregor and Appomattox." In front of the shield, in full relief, were the Michigan arms, a deer supporting a shield, with a bald-headed eagle above. The laurel, bay, and other evergreens of which the device was largely composed, were picked on various battlefields where the general had shared in the fray. On each side of the shield was a floral ladder, bearing on its rounds the names of the battles of the war. To the left of the Michigan shield was a large device from the George A. Mead Post 1, Grand Army of the Republic of Philadelphia—a colored lithograph of immortelles, the centre filled in with evergreens and bearing the inscription "In Memoriam of Our Commander, U. S. Grant."

Behind this was a life-sized horse composed of white flowers, and sent by the department of California. On the right of the tomb was a large framework filled in with ivy, presented by the department of Pennsylvania. It bore the arms of the State and the words "Virtue, Liberty and Independence," with designs in yellow and purple immortelles. From the department of Massachusetts came a simple and very effective device, a shield composed of a plain white field of immortelles, with the State's coat of arms and motto and "G. A. R." Beneath was the inscription, "Massachusetts treasures in sacred memory those who sleep dead."

Over the tomb was one of the most tasteful devices—an eagle, life size, with outspread wings, the whole composed of light pink flowers. This was sent by Mrs. Barnes, widow of the late president of Guatemala. Behind this was a monolith of dark green foliage, encircled by a wreath of the same material, bearing thirty-nine stars which represent the States of the Union. This was presented by the mayor and council of St. John, N. B. Another handsome device, triangular in shape, composed of choice flowers and placed on the top staging behind the tomb, was the gift of the Chinese residents of New York, and bore an appropriate inscription.

Among those present in the procession to the tomb were Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan and staff, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, General John a Logan, past commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., and orator of the day; the Rev. Dr. Storrs, Bishop W. L. Harris, Governor Patterson and staff, Lieutenant-Governor Jones, Edward F. Jones of New York, General P. H. Cathrie, adjutant-general of Pennsylvania; Samuel Dalton, adjutant-general of Massachusetts; General Philip Carpenter, adjutant general of Vermont; Senor Romero, Mexican minister, and Stephen K. Smith, a[illegible]-general of Ohio.

The west end of the grand stand had been reserved for members of the Grant family and their friends, upon which were seen the familiar face of Colonel Fred Grant, his wife and two little children, Julia and U. S. Grant, Jr., Jesse Grant and wife with their little daughter Nellie, U. S. Grant and wife, and Miss Nellie Grant Sartoris. All of the Grant family were dressed in deep black. Seated with them were Mrs. H. H. Porter, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, General Logan, General Navajo, General Rufus Ingalls and Dr. and Miss Logan of Illinois, Mrs. Governor Alger of Michigan, U. S. Grant, son of Orville Grant, General James B. Frisbie of California and Dr. Shrady.

The exercises began at 6 o'clock when Major Corwin, vice-chairman of the committee, directed the Arbuckle band to play Chopin's funeral march. Commander J. P. Howard of the U. S. Grant Post read from the ritual of the G. A. R. the beautiful ceremonies which then sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Rev. Dr. Storrs then offered prayer.

At the close of the prayer the ritual of the G. A. R. was taken up, ceremonies by the Masonic Society, Chaplain K. B. Guillin leading, by reading "What man is he that liveth," etc. The Amphion Club sang "We heroes who mortal live," when General Logan was introduced by Major Corwin as "our comrade." General Logan delivered an eloquent address, and in part said:

The names should be chiseled upon the majestic column that, leaping from the banks of the Potomac, join the Washington monument in the clouds, the living ambassador from a grateful people to the borders of the undiscovered country, to which both soldiers have gone—Wadsworth and Grant. The warriors of infancy! One its father and the other its latest defender. Oh! mighty agent of a grateful people, we are here to do you honor. Oh! inspired genius, we come to render testimony of the beneficence of your work. Noble Wadsworth, brave infantry officer, good friend, great captain, chosen agent! the work thou hast done will shine from the firmament as a new star to light the footsteps of centuries. Its rays shall pale the rich troopers of the night, and forever flash with undiminished fire in presence of the god of day. Until another year shall reawaken the flowers and fill the vernal air with incense, we leave thee with the radiant spirits that guard thy rest and smile about thy tomb.

Bishop Harris then pronounced the benediction and the entire assemblage sang "America."

PAGANINI'S SKILL.

One of the greatest violinists that I have heard told me that Paganini's studies were at the time so unusual and so difficult that they were considered an enigma which very few undertook to solve, and it would be interesting to know how many would now be able to solve it in a satisfactory manner. He played on two, even on three strings, at the same time, without doing what Ole Bull did, cut the bridge straight; he played arpeggi in double notes, or made a series of staccati marking the melody in pizzicato. He passed, as I have before said, for having achieved such supernatural *tours de force* by a supernatural act, and the superstition of some people who credited this nonsense went so far that a lazy who heard him in Italy, and would not believe that any human being could so far surpass all his fellow creatures without extraordinary means, followed him to the stage door, where he found his ass with a black horse; she swore he never touched the ground, that there was a fiery cart with two black horses, and he went away through the air One of Paganini's most disasterous triumphs, if I may so call it, he had when playing at Lord Holland's. Some one asked him to improvise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs away, becomes a highwayman, fails in love with a girl who will not listen to him, so he leads her to a wild country site, and there, in a jungle, but with her from a rock into an abyss, where they disappear forever. He listened quietly, and, when the story was at an end, he asked that all the light should be extinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical interpretation of the idea which had been given to him that several of the ladies fainted, and the saloon was then relighted looked like a battle-field.—[Temple Bar.

General Lee Too Easy.

The following story is told by Judge Harris of Harrisonburg, Va.:

Six miles from that quiet hamlet, during the war, lived an old farmer named Jonathan Peel. He never read a paper, but came into town once a week for news. He was confident that the South would win, and his friends felt so kindly toward the old man that they invented the latest intelligence to suit him. The South never met with a reverse, so far as he learned. But when the word came of Appomattox, it was evident that the deception could not be carried out any longer. Judge Harris and his friends held a conference on the subject and decided to plumply tell the old man the truth. An hour later Jonathan Peel was seen coming down the road toward the corner store astride his gray horse.

"What word from our victorious army?" he asked.

"General Lee has concluded to quit."

"I thought them Northern chaps would soon cry 'enough?'" said the farmer, without the faintest trace of surprise. "Well, I can't agree with General Lee. He's dead wrong to let up on them fellers. Got any plug tobacco?"

The judge tells this to show that during the war everybody was not in an excited frame of mind in Virginia.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Five Thousand Dollars to any Charitable Institution,

If It Cannot be Done as It is Stated.

Rochester, N. Y., Union and Advertiser.

Friends of Ex-President Arthur are very much disquieted.

Of course he is not going to die! He is in the hands of a very particular physician.

His doctor does not call it Bright's Disease! No, it is stomach disorder that he is suffering from now, and every few hours he takes a cold, and from time to time many other symptoms are developed. These symptoms the public should know are really secondary to Bright's Disease.

His physicians say that everything that medical skill can do for him is being done.

This is not so!

This case is a prominent one because the general is an ex-president; and yet there are thousands of farmers quietly dying, in their farm houses, of secondary symptoms of Bright's Disease, called by every other conceivable name; thousands of workmen, likewise dying, leaving helpless families; hundreds of thousands in all walks of life who have sickened, and are likewise dying, helpless victims of powerless physicians.

Eight years ago a very well-known gentleman was about to enter upon large commercial transactions. His medical adviser quietly dropped into his office one day and told his confidential clerk that he would be dead in three months, and that he ought to settle up his business affairs at once!

That man is alive and well to-day, yet he was given up as incurable with the same disease that is killing General Arthur!

Our reporter met this gentleman yesterday and in conversation about the General's case, he said:

"I will give $5,000 to any charitable institution in the state of New York, to be designated by the editor of the New York *World*, the editor of the Buffalo *News* and W. E. Kisselburgh of the Troy *Times*, if Warner's safe cure (taken according to my directions), which cured me eight years ago, cannot cure General Chester A. Arthur of Bright's disease from which he is suffering."

"Now I want you to understand," he said, "that we do not profess to make new kidneys, but we do know from personal experience and from the experience of many thousands of similar cases, that we can stop the consumption of the kidneys. Many a man has gone through life with one kidney without inconvenience. Thousands of people have lived a majority of their life with one lung. They did not have a new lung made. We can make new kidneys, but if the kidney is not consumed too much we can stop disease and prolong life if taken in time."

This offer comes from H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, of this city.

Mr. Warner also said: "My dear sir, there are governors, senators, presidential candidates, members of congress, prominent men and women all over the country whom I personally know have been cured of disease, such as General Arthur suffers from, by our Warner's safe cure, but owing to the circles in which they move they do not care to give public testmonial to the fact."

Mr. Warner is interested in General Arthur's case because he is personally acquainted with him, and he says that it is a shame that any man should be allowed to die under the opperation of old-fashioned powerful cathartics, which have no curative effects, rather than that a modern, conceded specific for kidney disease whose worth is acknowledged worldwide, should save him.

"If you doubt the efficacy of Warner's safe cure," say the proprietors, "ask your friends and neighbors about it. This is asking but little. They can tell you all you want to know."

"We have kept a standing offer before the public for four years," says Mr. Warner, "that we will give $5,000 to any person who can successfully dispute the genuineness, so far as we know, of the testimonials we publish, and none have done it."

Were General Arthur a poor man, unable to be left "in the hands of his physician," he would use that great remedy, as many thousands of others have done, and get well. How absurd then for people to say that everything that can be done is being done for the ex-president, when the one successful remedy in the world that has cured, or that can cure a case like his, has not been used by them.

☞ For family and medicinal purposes use *Gibson's* pure old whiskies. They are *pure-ly pure*. Bottled under Moore and Sinnott's label. For sale by druggists, grocers, and reliable liquor dealers.

— Audubon died full of riches and honor, with the knowledge that his memory would be cherished as long as birds should sing.

BILIOUSNESS

Is very prevalent at this season, the symptoms being bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, sick headache, drowsiness, dizziness, loss of appetite. If this condition is allowed to continue, Leadamant-Governor may follow. By promptly taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, a fever may be avoided or premature death prevented. It is a positive cure for biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

— It is at length positively asserted that cholera is a disease not contagious as small pox and measles are, but caused only by the bacillus gaining entrance to the intestinal canal, and can therefore be readily guarded against by simple precautions. The germ is easily destroyed, and cold will retard its development.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated parphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once. nov14-30t

— The story is that King Alfred had no better way to tell the time than by burning twelve candles, each of which lasted two hours; and when all the twelve were gone another day had passed.

TENNYSON'S "MAY QUEEN."

Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

— It is only within the present century—within the last twenty-five years, in fact,—that the discovery has been made that Russia possesses a national literature which is not excelled by the finest of Western Europe.

☞ The good effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, on a debilitated person, are felt at ouce; sure cure.

— A moment's thought of the great number of substances needed by man, for the supply of which he must look to old Mother Earth, will show how closely geological knowledge, applied to this end, is connected with the very progress of the human race.

THERE WAS AN ECLIPSE THIS YEAR that astronomers failed to note. It was the eclipse of ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM over all competitors. It cures coughs, colds, and all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs. Price 10, 35 and 75 cents.

— The "Narragansett Planters" were a peculiar landed aristocracy possessing large estates, who, obtaining a holding on Narragansett Bay, produced a state of society which had no parallel in New England, and was an anomaly in the institutional history of Rhode Island.

☞ For Dizziness, loss of Appetite, etc., use Dr. Warren's BILIOUS BITTERS.

— "The one prudence in life," says Emerson, "is concentration; the one evil, dissipation."

☞ After two years trial, we unhesitatingly pronounce the Boss Zinc and Leather Collar Pad the only durable and successful one that we have ever used. It retains its shape, is cooling, prevents chafing, and thereby keeps the horses' necks clean and healthy. HIRAM G. DODGE & SONS, Wood & Coal Dealers, Madison, Wis. jan16-13t eow

— Fifty years ago, the Blackfoot confederacy held among the western tribes much the same position of superiority as was held two centuries ago by the Iroquois confederacy, then known as the Five Nations, among the Indians east of the Mississippi. The former confederacy, when first known, also comprised five tribes.

☞ Cushing Process Co., Boston. W. B. Jackson, M. D., Lowell, Mass., says: "I very frequently prescribe your IQUOIS, especially the brandy." Sold by the bottle at druggists, grocers, and Cushing Process Co., 214 High St., Boston.

☞ Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Editor's Table.

☞ In another column is given an extract from the Norfolk County (Mass.) Gazette in relation to the approaching centennial celebration of the Stoughton Musical Society, which will be an event of more than common interest. It comes off on Wednesday next, in the town hall, and all the neighboring towns are to be present with large representations. A hundred years is a long life indeed for any musical society, and shows that it possesses the element of vigor in a remarkable degree, as the Stoughton Society assuredly does. More than all, it is founded on the bed-rock of ancient and abiding musical principles, and that is what unquestionably gives it its staying power. The oration is to be pronounced on the occasion by Samuel B. Noyes, Esq., of Canton, than whom no member of this venerable yet vigorous Society could be selected for that distinguished office with more fitness and felicity. From the reported list of the number of well-known public men who are to be in attendance, it will be seen that the occasion will be an event in a strictly true sense, to be worthily illustrated by a noble chorus of singers and a select body of professional instrumentalists. The account referred to gives all the particulars of this most interesting of local celebrations.

☞ The Standard New Model *Buckeye Mower*, which is represented in full operation in our advertising columns, is conceded the very highest rank among Mowers for reasons which will be found more than sufficient in its description appended. It is of the simplest construction, contains but few parts, is extremely light of draft, is easy to ride upon and handle both for team and driver, and will do such an amount of good work that it takes its place at the top of the list of perfect modern mowers without any contest. By its double hinge floating finger bar it also adapts itself to all varieties of surface. And what is more, it can be worked with one horse with ease. The other points that recommend the Buckeye Mower to general use will be found duly recited in the announcement of the Richardson Manufacturing Company, in another place, in the current issue of the *Ploughman*.

☞ Those who are blessed with boys are often blessed if they can tell how to dress them becomingly and reasonably. To all such the cut of the *Alpine Blouse Suit*, presented today, will appeal to the eye as sensible and well-fitting in every view, in front, at the back and on the side, while a glance at the prices in the advertisement of *A. Shuman & Co.* will show only a moderate charge for such a stylish suit, according to the size and material employed. This firm is constantly designing garments, for both men and boys, which it manufactures exclusively, and is gaining a great reputation as a leader in styles. The Alpine Blouse Suit for boys is much admired, and is having an extensive sale.

☞ *Parker & Wood*, 49 North Market street, Boston, are before the farming public with every known variety of agricultural machine and implement, among which are the Clipper Mower and the New Thomas Reversible Harrow, the "Standard" Horse Hay Rake and the "Standard" Tedder. Also, the IXL Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined. They likewise keep an unlimited stock, always fresh and new, of hay caps and haying tools. Read their attractive advertisement and see how extensively they are engaged in advancing agricultural work.

☞ *Soluble Pacific Guano* is sold in immense quantities every year, its present sales being not less than 50,000 tons per annum. It has made a great record, and its manufacturers are satisfied to rest on that alone. For grain, grass, cotton, tobacco, root, or fruit crops it has proved to be a wonderful purveyor. It is manufactured by the Pacific Guano Company at Wood's Holl, Mass., and Charleston and Chisholm's Island, S. C., and Glidden & Curtis are its general selling agents in Boston

☞ *The Eclipse Windmill* can be purchased for as low a sum as $30, or as much more as additional work on it makes it necessary for the manufacturers to ask. Its sterling merits are familiar wherever it is used. As a prize taker at public exhibitions and fairs it has won a wide and deserved reputation. It is now put at prices which all users of windmills will be able to meet. See advertisement.

☞ *The Clark's Cove Guano Company* of New Bedford, Mass., manufacture a complete fertilizer in the "Bay State," which is adapted to all crops and soils and challenges comparison with any for its effects. Its excellent points are stated in another column. It enjoys a very wide popularity, which it would not do if it did not possess all the virtue claimed for it. Read the Company's advertisement in another column.

☞ At Tiverton, R. I., the *Meshaden Fertilizers* are manufactured which are warranted to be the equal of the very best made anywhere. Joseph Church and Company are the manufacturers. Fish composite forms a very rich manure for almost all crops, especially cultivated crops. It stays with the soil it is mixed with as if it appreciated the new hospitality.

A Story of General Shields.

In MAY, 1862, Shields's Division marched out of the Shenandoah Valley to Fredericksburg, to join McDowell in the contemplated advance toward Richmond to form on McClellan's right. Jackson becoming aware of Shields's withdrawal made his famous descent on Banks, whom he drove completely out of the valley. The writer, then an ordnance sergeant in Shields's Division, went to headquarters one morning in quest of information relative to ordnance, when he found in a large tent where Generals Shields, King, and some others were discussing the news just received from the Valley and the necessity of Shields's immediate return there. The writer, without any intention of listening, heard Shields say laughingly, "Mr. Lincoln thinks I can whip

[Copyrighted.]

FRONT, BACK AND SIDE VIEW OF OUR

ALPINE BLOUSE SUIT

FOR BOYS,

AGES 4 TO 12 YEARS.

The nattiest, jauntiest and most comfortable suit for Boys' wear. Single-breasted, belted and plaited, insuring a nice-fitting garment in every particular.

☞ In Scottish Tweeds, English Plaids and Cheviots and the best American fabrics, in all the new shades and colors.

$5, $6, $7, $8, $10.

A. SHUMAN & CO.

Manufacturing Retailers and Jobbers.

Boys' Retail Department.

440 Washington St.,

Corner Summer Street, Boston.

THE ROAD AND THE ROADSIDE.

BY ALBION WILLIS POTTER.

Showing the Principles of Road-Building and Repairs, and of the Law Appertaining to Public and Private Ways, &c.

Will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR.

Treating on such matters as are of the greatest importance and significance to the owners of Roads, Lanes, Bridges, Fences, Repairs, Law Suits, Laying out of Ways, Law as to Cattle Breaking Troughs, and Foundations, Public Parks and Commons, Public Law of the Road," Equestrianism, Vehicles, Stages and Horses, Rules by which Highways may be Altered by Adjoining Owners, Private Roads and Parks, Within and Beyond the Limits of the Road.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 254 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE

Is the best general purpose wire fence in use. It has a strong net-work without barbs. Don't Scale Rock. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as horses and cattle. The best fence for Farms, Gardens, Cemetery Lots, Parks, Roads. Very neat, pretty styles for Lawns, Parks, Cemeteries and Gardens, covered with rust-proof paint, or made of galvanized wire, as required. It will last a lifetime. It is better than boards or barbed wire in every respect. The Sedgwick Gates made of wrought-iron pipe and cross wires, are a competition in lightness, beauty, strength and durability. We make the best, cheapest and coiled wire self-acting automatic or self-opening gate, and the neatest cheap iron fences and gates made. Also Wire Stretchers, Cutting Pliers and Post Augers. Terms and particulars see Hardware Dealers, or send for illustrated pamphlet.

SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

POLAND CHINAS.

For sale ... Two or three pairs of PIGS ... Also a couple of young SOWS, in pig ... The whole will appear ... SMITH HARDING, South Deerfield, Mass.

SALT RHEUM ECZEMA

A positive remedy for these diseases. Has been used by a physician in our family over 30 years. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

G. W. FLOYD & CO., Box 1965, New York City.

CLEVELAND

... the Vice-President $4,000 ... the Supreme and Chief Judges ... $12,000, and the Associate Judges ... $10,000, and a part of each salary ... invested in the U. O. Taylor Bourbon and Rye Whisky, because the highest society knows the ... is absolutely pure Whiskey for medicinal purposes. It is bottled by C. H. GRAVES & SONS, Boston, and your Druggist and Grocer will supply you and guarantee it with pleasure.

Hog Farm to Let,

IN NEEDHAM.

A SUITABLY arranged, eight miles from Boston. Swill and Hogs on it January, 1887. Address

GEO. H. HARDY,

32 Dana Avenue, Hyde Park.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS

Of the body enlarged and strengthened. Simple, unfailing self-treatment. Full particulars sent sealed. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Wanted,

AGENTS in every town to sell the "Raising and Management of Poultry," a phonographic report of the meeting of breeders and experts held in Boston last March.

Send 2-cents for a specimen copy to

CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Fund, January 1, 1886, $440,183.00. Surplus over all insurance liabilities, $223,349.00. Gain in Cash Fund the past year, $13,135.79. Gain in Cash Surplus the past year, $18,096.26. Amount at risk, $25,309,094. Total Liabilities, $166,573.26. All losses paid in full. Dividends paid on every expiring policy; 50 per cent. on 5 years, 30 per cent. on 3 years, and 20 per cent. on all others. None but the safer classes of property written.

ISRAEL W. MONROE, *Pres. and Treas.*

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, *Secretary*,

BOSTON OFFICE, NO. 27 STATE STREET

Local Agencies in every town.

dec26ly

REPAIRS ANY PART FOR ANY Sewing Machine. Needles, Parts or Lawn Mower. Show this to your Hardware Dealer, or send us, express paid, the broken part to be duplicated. Catalogue free.

THE WHITTEMAN & HARRIS MFG. Co., Boston, Mass.

may8 14t

DOGS, CANARIES, And all Pet Birds,

DOCTORED BY JACOB GRAVES,

24 Union St., Boston, Mass.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Medicines of all kinds for sale. may22 52t

Electric Belt Free

To introduce it and obtain agents we will for the next thirty days give away, free of charge, in each county in the U. S. a limited number of our German Electro Galvanic Suspensory Belts, Price $5; is positive and unfailing cure for Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Emissions, Impotency &c. $500.00 Reward paid if every Belt we manufacture does not generate a genuine electric current. Address at once ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY, P. O. Box 974, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov21 52t

READ AND RUN.

—General Fremont is about to bring out a book of reminiscences, a history of his own life and times, which will revive his name and fame in the popular mind.

—The American Waltham Watch Company recently completed the 3,000,000th watch of its manufacture, and presented the same in an elegant gold case to the Foreman's Association.

—The most perplexing question which the Knights of Labor have been brought face to face with since their organization is that presented by the trades unionists, which possess a distinct individuality. The Knights take in men into their Order whom the Unions have either failed to enlist or have rejected; whereas the Unions aim above all things to bar the way to such men to participation in any of the benefits which labor organization can provide.

—Preaching the gospel of murder has been declared by a jury of twelve men, in the case of Herr Most, not to be as yet an entirely safe thing in New York.

—Prof. Thurston says, in a paper in the Forum: "It may be considered as not at all improbable that those of us who live to the next century may see the Atlantic crossed in less than four days."

—There are three lame men in the United States Senate.

—The Shah of Persia now feels the need of an American railroad.

—The leading Anarchists of Chicago have at last been indicted for murder.

—Nova Scotia is showing unmistakable symptoms of a desire to be released from a union into which she was forced.

—Inquiry at Ottawa results in the unexpected discovery that no authority whatever exists for the recognition in Canadian ports of permits issued by American collectors of customs, under which captains of fishing vessels have claimed the right to enter and trade in Canadian ports.

—The singular turn has finally come in labor strikes where the strikers who got the demanded concession of eight hours for a day's work now demand that the old rule of ten hours shall be restored, and threaten to strike again if it is not.

—The only Quaker member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Mr. Jesse B. Wheeler, of Worcester, died last week at the age of fifty years.

—The body of the late Dr. Dio Lewis was cremated on Monday of last week.

—A party of seventeen natives of Iceland recently landed in New York, bound for Utah, being converts to the Mormon faith.

—There are six comets now visible, including Encke's periodic comet, just discovered.

—The Brooklyn bridge has now been opened to travel for three years, having been opened on Queen Victoria's birthday. Over forty-five million persons have crossed it in that time.

—For years, railroad companies all over the country have been leasing roads and guaranteeing rents and the interest on bonds, until hundreds, if not thousands of millions of dollars worth of securities based upon such operation have been put off upon the investing public.

—Gen. Washington estimated his wealth at half a million, much of it being real estate.

—If fuel be burned with a hot jacket around it, a very moderate amount of oxygen will sustain combustion; and, if the supply of oxygen be moderate, combustion is slow. Burn coal with a chilling jacket around it, a rapid conductor like iron, and it needs a fierce draught of oxygen to sustain combustion, and this means rapid escape of actual heat, and also of potential heat in unburned gases and smoke, up the chimney. This is the touchstone by which to test the principles of fire-place construction.

—Eels cost but little to cultivate, never fail to find a good market, and are one of the richest and most nutritious forms of food possible to find.

—There is an altogether inordinate social admiration of great wealth, but the feeling, on the whole, is growing, that great wealth means proportionate social responsibility.

—Among the "Don'ts" here is a useful one: "Don't imagine that because you have got a few new phrases at your tongue's end, you have all the stock-in-trade of a philosopher, still less that you are a philosopher." And here is another: "Don't be too eager to 'get credit' for what you do."

—The Northern Cattle-Plains stretch from the rich wheat-farms of Central Dakota to the Rocky Mountains, and southward to the Black Hills and the Big Horn Chain, thus including all of Montana, Northern Wyoming, and extreme Western Dakota.

—The meeting of American Wheelmen in Boston last week was indeed a great affair.

—At this season, the yachts are spreading their snowy wings and coursing in all directions along the Atlantic coast.

—It is not a little singular, and in fact somewhat plural, that Yale College should have had two Timothy Dwights for Presidents, grandfather and grandson.

—Says Dr. Caird, in one of the "Scotch Sermons"—"We grow in elevation and nobleness of nature just in proportion as we merge our individual life and happiness in the happiness and life of others."

—Whoever has for any length of time tried seriously to guess correctly, will be surprised to find that his guesses will soon grow to be generally correct, whereas at the start they were erroneous.

— Eighty years ago Count Rumford wrote that "not less than seven-eighths of the heat generated, or which with proper management might be generated from the fuel actually consumed, is carried up into the atmosphere with the smoke and totally lost."

— The white-tailed deer is the best known and most widely distributed of all the large game of the United States, and the kind which under any kind of decent treatment is probably likely to stay longest at large among us. They have a capacity of living in a region even when it has become thickly settled, and making themselves at home among tame cattle, and still exist in nearly every State.

— At no point either on the continent of North American or in Europe does renumeration for regular labor reach so low a figure as at Santa Fe, within the Territories of the United States. Simple subsistence is about the whole of it, and a subsistence inferior in quality and quantity to the rations generally given to acknowledged paupers in most American poor-houses.

— David A. Wells's observations in Mexico are to this effect: "The fact that the Mexican Central Railroad supplies itself from the coal fields of Colorado, nearly fifteen hundred miles from the city of Mexico, and that the Vera Cruz Railroad imports its coal from England, is in itself sufficient evidence that no coal from any Mexican mine has yet been made practically available for industrial purposes. In Central Mexico, wood commands at the present time from twelve to sixteen dollars a cord, and coal from fifteen to twenty-one dollars a ton."

— Dase, the well-known calculator, who died in 1861, stated that he could distinguish some thirty objects of a similar nature in a single moment as easily as other people can recognize three or four. The rapidity with which he would name the number of sheep in a flock, of books in a book-case, of window-panes in a large house, was even more remarkable than the accuracy with which he solved mentally the most difficult problems. Not before or since his time has such perfection been attained.

IT SHOULD BE GENERALLY KNOWN that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning their delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down, and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

THE STANDARD

New Model Buckeye Mower.

A FEW REASONS WHY THE NEW MODEL BUCKEYE IS THE BEST: It is **the simplest**, contains **fewer parts**, has fewer and better bearings, and fewer places for oiling. It can be understood and kept in order by the ordinary farm hand. Its parts can be tightened, and set up as wear occurs.

Is built on correct mechanical principles. Straight gearing used for quickest speeds. Is **positively the lightest draft**. It is the best braced, the strongest, most durable, the best for rough uneven ground, consequently the best for smooth mowing. No loose connections, or knuckle joints.

The easiest to ride upon, the easiest to handle both for team and driver. Will do more work and better work. Will last longer. Costs less for repairs. Extra parts are more easily obtained. No loss of time in the hay field for repairs. It raises the bar higher, and lifts easier to pass obstructions. It is more in use than any other kind, showing its appreciation by the farmers.

The **only Machine** with the **Double Hinge Floating Finger Bar**, adapting itself to all varieties of surface. The only machine in which the Bar Folds Flat Across the Frame, making it as portable as the wagon. The only Machine that can be **worked with One Horse** with ease.

☞ The **only Machine** that can present the above claims as genuine.

Buy the **Standard New Model Buckeye**, and be assured your haying season will be both pleasant and profitable.

THE RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

my20tf WORCESTER, MASS.

ECLIPSE

WINDMILL, $30,

And upward. The Mill which has been awarded more prizes than any other; now within reach of all, with prices greatly reduced.

All Mills Put Up by us Warranted for Three Years.

Hose and Water Pipe a Specialty.

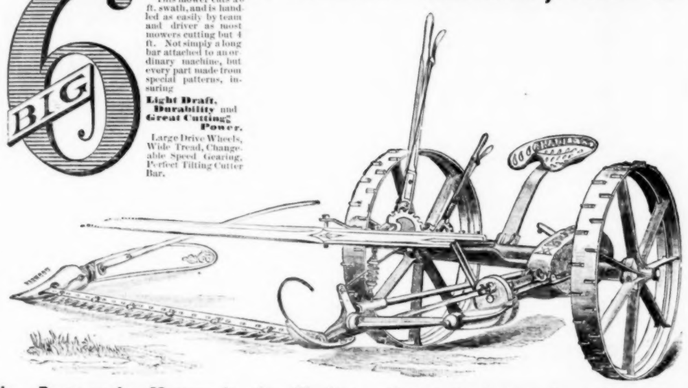
Address, for Circular, L. H. WHEELER, No. 68 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

may1 52t

A MUSICAL CENTENNIAL.

The Stoughton Musical Society's centennial celebration to occur in Stoughton on Wednesday, June 9 next, promises to be an event of unusual interest. The town in its corporate capacity manifests its respect for it by voting to it the free use of their beautiful town hall for the day and evening. The citizens subscribe money liberally, and will open their houses for generous hospitality, such as they have been noted for in times past, and the leading men are actively aiding the efforts of the committee of the society. Canton will be well represented on the occasion, not only by those who are immediately descended from the first president, Elijah Dunbar, Esq., and its first secretary, Samuel Capen, and others of the immortal twenty-five founders, but also by those who appreciate what the socicy has done in the past and is doing to-day to promote good singing and good fellowship, the bonds which have held it together for one hundred years. The exercises in the hall in the morning will begin as early as ten o'clock, and will consist of an overture by the orchestra, singing by the society of an original hymn to the tune "Old Hundred," prayer, address by the president, a historical address by a member, and the singing of an ode, written for the occasion, to the tune of Keller's "American Hymn." The historical address will be illustrated with the singing by the society of tunes composed by the early American authors, and will be a marked feature of the performance. His Excellency Gov. Robinson, His Honor Lieut.-Governor Ames, Rev. Elmer H. Capen, president of Tufts College, Hon. John D. Long, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, Hon. Elijah A. Morse and other distinguished gentlemen, have been invited and will be expected to speak at the dinner, which will be in a tent capable of seating 500 persons. The grand and crowning glory of the occasion will be the performance of Haydn's immortal oratorio of "The Creation" in the evening in the town hall. The chorus will number from 300 to 350 singers, and the solos will be given by artists selected from the most eminent professional singers. The orchestra of the society will be supplemented by skillful professional instrumental players, and the whole will be under the direction of Professor Hiram Wilde, conductor of the society, whose success in the rehearsals of the music during the past year assures a brilliant *finale*. "The Creation" was written and produced in England in 1790, four years after the formation of the Stoughton Musical Society in New England.—[SAMUEL B. NOYES, in Norfolk County Gazette.

THE BRADLEY MOWER, NO. 6.



This mower cuts 6 ft. swath, and is handled as easily by team and driver as most mowers cutting but 4 ft. Not simply a long bar attached to an ordinary machine, but every part made from special patterns, insuring

Light Draft, Durability and Great Cutting Power.

Large Drive Wheels, Wide Tread, Changeable Speed Gearing, Perfect Tilting Cutter Bar.

The Best-made Mower in the Market. Guaranteed free from Side Draft.

CIRCULARS FREE. APPLY TO

BRADLEY & CO., Syracuse, N. Y.,

Or at BRANCH OFFICES:

32 South Market St., Boston, and 22 College Place, New York City.

Eureka Mower.

WIDE CUT. CENTER DRAFT.

The only successful direct draft, front cut mower made. It will do one-third more work than any side cut mower with same team. Neither team nor machine pass over the crop after it is cut, therefore it will cure quicker and in better condition, and bring more money. The many who have used the Eureka pronounce it to be the machine above all others to buy, and you should examine it before you make your selection. For sale by

T. B. EVERETT & CO.,

43 South Market Street, Boston.

Send for Descriptive Circular. may20-3t

Hall's English Food

FOR

HORSES, CATTLE & POULTRY,

UNEQUALLED FOR ITS

Purity and Excellence

By any similar preparation in the country. A delicious and health-giving condiment.

A SAFE AND SURE

Remedy for Worms.

Impure Blood, Indigestion, and kidney Affections, Imparting Health, Strength and Endurance.

Read the following circular:

Hall's English Food for Milch Cows.

George A. Fletcher, Breeder of Ayrshire Cattle *Yorkshire and Berkshire Swine and Collie Dogs.*

Adams Farm, Milton, Mass., March 24, 1886.

HALL'S ENGLISH FOOD COMPANY:

Gents—I have tried your English Food and am much pleased with it, both for horses and cows. I have given it to a cow that I was testing for milk, and she *increased from 47 to 58 pounds of milk per day in ten days.* Has averaged 53 pounds for 25 days in March, and promises to hold out at that rate for the entire month. GEO. A. FLETCHER.

Sent C. O. D. at the following prices:

25-lb Bag, 100 Feeds,	$2.00
50-lb " 200 "	3.50
100-lb " 400 "	7.00

Hall's English Food Co.,

17 Batterymarch St.,

BOSTON, MASS.

AGENTS WANTED in every city and town

☞ Send for Circulars. Mention this paper.

sept3-13t

FARM FOR SALE

—AT—

AUCTION.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court, will be sold at Auction on

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886,

At 2 o'clock P. M.,

The Homestead Estate

OF THE LATE JAMES ADAMS.

Situated in the northerly part of

FRANKLIN, MASS.,

On the road to West Medway.

Said farm consists of about ninety acres of good land suitably divided into Tillage, Pasture, Meadow and Woodland, with a two-story house and two barns thereon. It is pleasantly situated in a good neighborhood, near Railroad Depot, Schools and Churches and Postoffice, and is a desirable piece of property.

It will be sold subject to a mortgage of $625.00 and to the rights of dower and homestead of the widow, who for a sum to be named at the sale will release said rights.

Terms, $100 at sale and balance in ten days. Sale positive.

W. P. CLARK, Administrator.

MILLIS, May 22, 1886. may29 2t

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortune await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. nov6 52t

Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, Fine Setter Dogs, Scotch Collies, Fox Hounds and Beagles, Sheep & Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & Co., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for Circular and Price List. jan30 52t

A FISHERMAN'S STORY.

Caught a Young Bear and Killed Its Mother.

The New York Sun gets the following story from Scranton, Pa.

One day last week, while Gale Boardman of Spring Brook township was on his way home from a trout-stream back in the mountains, he came across a young bear in the forest near a big swamp. The cub was nosing around among the weeds and low bushes, and did not notice that Boardman was near him. After having skirmished about a little and ascertained that the mother bear was not in sight, Boardman adjusted his basketful of trout, strapped his creel to his shoulders, grabbed the youngster in his arms, and hastened his steps toward the nearest point in the clearing.

The cub had been scared so suddenly that he let nothing at first but tremble from fright, but before Boardman had got more than 20 rods from the swamp he began to whine and whimper and beg his mother to come to his assistance in a way that made Boardman feel uncomfortable. But he kept right along as though the little bear was as silent as the grave, now patting him tenderly on his head with his right hand, and then speaking kindly to him in order to quiet his fears. The frightened cub refused to be pacified, however, by this sort of treatment, and Boardman, who wanted to take the young bear home with him, was beginning to feel that he had a bigger job on his hands than he at first supposed, when a happy thought struck him.

He had been away from home for two days, and he remembered that if he could get his bosom to his belt there was some honey which he had taken along to spread on his bread. Without slackening his pace Boardman took the whining cub with his left arm, and with his right hand he reached around and got the honey out of the basket. When he stuck the honey under the cub's nose the effect was magical. The hairy little captive snuffed at the sweet morsel, ceased whimpering at once, and began to smack his chops with great satisfaction. Boardman wanted to make the honey last as long as possible, and, as soon as the cub had got a good taste of it, he withdrew his hand to see how the little fellow would act. The cub immediately became uneasy, and set up a piteous moan. Then the fisherman gave him another taste of the sweetness, and he seemed to forget all about his mother at once. Boardman repeated this at brief intervals during the next half mile of his journey, and he found that the only way he could keep the cub quiet was to let him suck the honey constantly.

That part of the forest through which Boardman was then tramping was uneven and rocky. He had to climb over fallen trees and pick his way through thick underbrush, and the weight of the cub and his pack and load made him tired and thirsty. So he sat down on a log and rested for a few minutes. While he sat there the cub got down from his arms, and by means of honey held him fast. The young bear had another fit of whining as soon as this was done, but he couldn't get out of the hollow stump very well after Boardman had placed a log on top of it. Then Boardman went to the spring, got down on his hands and knees, and began to slake his thirst.

While he was still in that attitude he heard a commotion in the neighborhood of the stump that startled him. He arose quickly and saw a full-grown bear making a great fuss around the spot where the little bear was a prisoner. This was a state of things which he had feared from the time that he had captured the cub, and he was not very well prepared for it. His revolver had only one cartridge in it, and he was afraid that if he missed the old bear when he fired at her, he would either be compelled to engage in a lively tussle with her or to get away without the cub.

When Boardman walked down toward the stump, the old bear was on top of it, coaxing the cub to come out. The cub was still moaning to be free, and trying his best to reach his mother, but his efforts were useless, as the log held him down.

Then the mother bear undertook to pull the log off with her paws. She would doubtless have succeeded in a little while had not Boardman crept up to within a few feet of her and lodged a bullet in her left jaw. She roared with pain as she reared from the stump, and was on her feet in an instant. Then she made for Boardman with all her might. He had drawn a long-bladed knife in the meantime, and as she was about to strike him down, he plunged the sharp weapon into her throat, twisted it around, and then jumped back quickly. Two minutes later she was dead. Boardman then took the crying cub from the hollow stump and started for home reaching there a little after dark.

A DINNER IN ISLAM.

In the Oriental household there are no fixed hours, no fixed habits, no regular sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, bed-rooms. The divan which serves as a seat or lounging place during the day, serves as a couch at night. Each person eats when disposed to. Sweetmeats, sherbets, and coffee, particularly the last, are partaken of at intervals all day long. When a regular meal is served, it is usually an "occasion" of some sort, and is served in courses. The greater the "occasion," the larger the number of courses. One dish composes the course. It is served on a large platter of copper or brass or silver or gold, according to the wealth of the host. This platter is placed on a circular table of the same circumference as the platter, and about a couple of feet high. Around this table the guests place themselves either on cushions or—in order to be accurate I must be inelegant—squatting. There are neither knives, forks nor plates, nothing but the huge platter, which entirely covers the table; and from this huge dish each person helps himself with the first two fingers of the right hand. Never under any circumstance must food be touched with the left hand; to do so would be to defile it. A meal served in this way consists of anywhere from six to 26 courses. Some of them are rather nice, many of them very nasty. It is hardly necessary to say that no wine is served. The good Mussulman never drinks wine—in public! After every course servants hand to each guest a small basin containing tepid water delicately perfumed and a clean napkin. This is very refreshing, and when the manner of dining is remembered, very necessary. There is no lack of liquid refreshment, but as this is made up of sherbets of various flavors, but all extremely sweet, one is apt, about midway of the feast, to long for a draught of cool, clean, comfortable water.—[Rose Eytinge.

A SENATOR AND A WIDOW.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "Senator Saulsbury is the typical 'old bach'—tall, slim and shrivelled, bloodless and solitary, and to look at him one would never imagine that a dream of love and orange blossoms ever hovered over his pillow. But appearances are deceptive. As old and dry as he is, there still lingers a flame in his breast, and sometimes he gets sentimental. I know of a buxom widow in this city, rosy and jolly, as full of blood and fun as Saulsbury is of dryness, at whose house the old man has been a constant visitor for nearly twenty years. He is fond of a game of whist and a glass of punch. No hand can brew one that suits the senator's taste as well as hers, and there isn't a lady in the world that he prefers to her as a partner at a rubber. About once a week he spends an evening at her cosey home, and after the other guests are gone the jolly female is left alone with the senator, and smoke a cigar before the grate of the drawing-room. It is then that the comforts of a home, the attractions of a fireside and a jolly companion warm up the cockles of the old man's heart, and he seldom leaves the house without proposing marriage to her. Years ago he was very much in earnest, and used to press his suit with the ardor of the conventional lover, but the proposal having been renewed so often it has become a matter of jest between them, and now he pops the question regularly in a quaint, comical way by asking her when he shall engage the parson. She always laughs and tells him they are too young to marry, and then the old man drains his glass, puts on his hat, and goes to his lonely rooms."

LIME TO KILL SORREL.

No one who has long been a reader of agricultural literature can have failed to see articles recommending the use of lime for eradicating sorrel from land. It is claimed that sorrel grows in "sour" soils, and as lime is an alkali, an application of lime will neutralize the acid, and thus starve the sorrel to death. The theory looks very plausible, very scientific, but does it stand the test in practice? Have any of our readers ever succeeded in ridding his farm from sorrel by any dressing of lime, ashes, or other alkaline preparations? About as many, we judge, as have rid their lands from the white grub or other worms, by the application of a few bushels of common salt per acre. A correspondent of the "Pacific Rural Press," who had been reading the lime-sweetening theories, and who had some fields that were about to "blush" with the "red top," determined to give the lime a thorough trial.

He came to the conclusion that sorrel will sit down by the side of a lump of lime, and as fast as the alkali drinks in the acids of the soil the sorrel will coax them away, and flourish by the process. Lime used sufficiently strong to destroy the organic structure will kill sorrel just as it will any other plant; but it does this as a destructive caustic and not from any fondness for acids.

The idea that sorrel grows on "sour" lands and draws from the soil a ready-made acid, and thus can be starved out by "sweetening" such soils with lime, is a fallacy in the mind of the writer. He claims that the sorrel plant is provided with a laboratory of its own in which it makes its own acid from raw material, which it gets from the air as well as from the soil. The sugar-maple and the sorrel will grow and flourish side by side, and from the same soil draw material, one for the manufacture of sugar, the other an acid potassium oxalate; and, still more singular, they use almost identically the same materials, only combining them in different proportions. Some lands are so poor and exhausted that sorrel will grow to the exclusion of other vegetation. Such soil will be benefited generally by the use of lime and other plant food.

The best way not to be troubled with sorrel is, be careful not to introduce the seed. When it once gets in, the best way to fight it is to fertilize and cultivate well. Give better crops a helping hand and the sorrel will grow discouraged.—[Michigan Farmer.

A citizen, who was bitten by a dog, wrote to his lawyer, asking what to do about it. The lawyer was a bit puzzled, but wrote back: "Demand satisfaction of the animal, and if he will not give it sue him for damages for mayhem. If he is a gentleman, however, he will settle, and you will have no further trouble, save, possibly, hydrophobia. This is the best way out."—[Tidbits.

The Fire is Out!

But we have yet at our Branch Store, 34 Merchants Row, a quantity of Tools that were injured by Smoke and Water, such as SCYTHES, SNATHS, SCYTHE STONES, RIFLES, HAY RAKES, DRAGG RAKES, FORKS, HORSE-HOES, CULTIVATORS, SHOVELS, HOES, WOODEN PUMPS, &c., &c., which we mean to sell at once, and, in fact, will refuse no reasonable offer.

FARMERS WHO WANT THE BEST SHOULD CALL AND EXAMINE THE

WALTER A. WOOD NEW ENCLOSED GEAR MOWER. 20,000 machines sold in 1885. A sufficient proof of merit, we think.

NEW CHAMPION RAKE With patent oscillating cleaner and sled runner teeth. Improvements possessed by no other Rake.

MUDGETT TEDDER.

Unequalled for *lightness of draft* and working qualities. Less liable to breakage than any other Tedder.

Haying Tools of Every Description at Lowest Prices.

A good Two-Horse Mower for $40.00. A good Wheel Dump Horse Rake for $20.00.

The Thompson Horse Hoe, same pattern as the "New England," $9.00.

The Whitcomb Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined, same pattern as "Iron Age," $6.00.

We will supply to respectable Farmers, MOWERS, HAY RAKES, TEDDERS, and other MACHINES on the installment plan.

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,

34 MERCHANTS ROW.

Wholesale Warehouses, 71 Clinton, 80 & 82 So. Market Sts.,

je5 1t BOSTON, MASS.

apr10 9t

A Complete Fertilizer. UNEQUALLED IN EFFECTS.

THE "BAY STATE" TRADE MARK.

THE FAVORITE, ADAPTED TO ALL CROPS AND SOILS.

FERTILIZER.

Produces Early Growth!

Rapid Maturity!

An Abundant Yield!

Realization of the *above* is what has given this WELL-KNOWN BRAND such a widespread popularity. Compounded from the **Best Sources of Plant Food**, and in such proportions as not to **strain** or **exhaust the soil**. In purchasing *be sure* that each package bears Trade Mark as above. Do not fail to try it this season.

"Bay State" Hand Book for 1886 mailed free on application to the Manufacturers.

CLARK'S COVE GUANO CO.,

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

may1 6t

SPECIAL NOTICE!!

In order to increase the demand for the

OLD, RELIABLE

"Stover" Windmill

In the New England States, we have decided to offer

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

or the season of 1886. Parties who are intending to purchase, and *especially* those located in places where none of our mills have yet been erected, will find it to their advantage to write or call upon us, as we are prepared to name

VERY LOW PRICES.

Full directions are furnished to purchasers for erecting the tower and placing the mill in position, and any mechanic can perform the work.

EVERY MILL IS WARRANTED.

Send, for particulars, to

HENRY W. PEABODY & CO.,

Sole New England Agents,

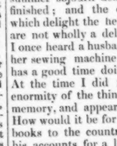
70 Kilby Street, Mason Building, Boston.

mch27 13t

THE WHEEL-HORSE.

There is a wheel-horse in every family—some one who takes the load on all occasions. It may be the older daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother. Extra company, sickness, give her a heavy increase of the burden she is always carrying. Even summer vacations bring less rest and recreation to her than to others in the family. The house must be put in order to leave; the clothing for herself and the children which a summer sojourn demand seems never to be finished; and the excursions and picnics which delight the heart of the young people are not wholly a delight to the "provider." I once heard a husband say: "My wife takes her sewing machine into the country, and has a good time doing up the fall sewing." At the time I did not fully appreciate the enormity of the thing; but it rankled in my memory, and appears to me now an outrage. How would it be for the merchant to take his books to the country with him, to go over his accounts for a little amusement? Suppose a minister writes up a few extra sermons, and a teacher carries a Hebrew grammar and perfects himself in a new language, ready for the opening of school in the fall?—[Christian Union.

HUGH STEWART,



Coach Builder,

13 GREEN ST.,

Offers his stock of

BERLIN COACHES

and light carriages of his own make at

LOWER PRICES

than the same quality of work can be bought elsewhere, there being no intermediate profit to the dealer. The increase of business has necessitated more room, and I have secured the shops at 248 Main street, Cambridgeport, formerly occupied by W. A. Ward, which, with my present location, gives me facilities unsurpassed in New England both for repairing and new work.]

HUGH STEWART,

13 Green Street, Bowdoin Squa BOSTON.

may1 52t

100 HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE.

OLDEST and FINEST HERD in AMERICA. Descendants of these families having the largest butter and milk records yet made, viz., the Texelaar, Middlebush, Winter Scott, Mercedes, Alexander, Netherland, Keyes 6th and Promoter families. Send for Catalogue.

HOUGHTON FARM,

PUTNEY, (Windham Co.,) VERMONT.

may29tf

AGENTS COIN MONEY WHO SELL DR. Chase's Family Physician and Receipt Book. New and Improved Edition. Three Thousand sold in one month. Price $2.00. For particulars, address THE CHASE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, Ohio.

feb20-52t

WYANDOTTE FOWLS.

EGGS for setting at $2.00 per setting. Address E. R. PERKINS, 50 Warren Street, Salem, Mass.

mar20-13t

HARD WOOD ASHES AS A FERTILIZER.

200 Car loads of Dry Unleached and Leached Ashes for sale in car loads at low prices and low rates of freight. Delivered at any railroad station in the Eastern, Middle or Southern States.

Address JAMES HARTNESS, may8 26t Detroit, Mich.

SERVANT GIRLS.

Arlo Bates, in a letter from Boston to the Providence Journal, discusses the servant-girl question. We quote as follows:

The city of Boston bristles with intelligence offices, but there are at most not more than two or three where one can possibly hope to find good servants. Well-trained girls are scarce here as elsewhere, and the cruel fates love to marry off, carry away or otherwise dispose of the few there are. The life of the mistress of an intelligence office is passed in a series of seekings no less desperate, and often no more successful than those of the searchers after the philosopher's stone or the fountain of truth. She has not only to find superior maids for all sorts of places, but she has also to dispose of an unceasing throng of incompetent and irresponsible creatures, unmanageable, untrained and unintelligent; while within she must possess the power to read the character of both employers and employed; to divine what people will fit together and what individualities will clash. She must have opportunities of seeing as many a side of human nature as the doctor. A woman who has for many years been at the head of an intelligence office said to me once that the only way she kept any faith in humanity at all was by reflecting that the side she saw was not the best, and that of course her girls told her all the bad they could and very little of the good they really knew. She added that when a wealthy Back Bay woman deducted ten cents from her cook's wages to pay for gas burned by the latter one night when she was ill, it was hard to believe that in mistresses of this sort servants could find much good to tell.

The things that girls wish to bring with them to their places is often funny enough. There has come within my knowledge within the past few months a girl who insisted upon taking to her place a voluble and vicious green parrot, a dissolute bird that sang ribald sailor songs in a shrill and piercing voice that could be heard to the remotest corners of the house; of another that practised the tinkling guitar in the kitchen at an unfortunate hour, and always unedone of he strings a little flat, a proceeding of which musical people can imagine the result; and of still another who asked me in earnest if she might not have her "ound fathair" come and sleep on the kitchen floor, "that quiet like," a piece of filial devotion which perhaps did not appeal as it should have done to the worldly heart of the housekeeper, thinking of engaging her.

It is also fair to mention in this connection the extreme and noble modesty of a girl who left an excellent situation as parlor maid in a family on Commonwealth avenue, because, she told the intelligence office keeper, she "couldn't-a-bear to be round a room with naked figgers in it," the master status being too much for her delicate sensibilities; while, to fill out still further the idea of the variety of types to be found among the women presenting themselves as candidates for situations, it may be added that an agent recently declared that a girl once frankly told her she would rather accept a place where her mistress was "about ter size," so that she could

The Poet's Corner.

PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

[Herald of Truth.]

Who'll eat of this orchard a hundred years hence?
Or breathe its sweet fragrance, or gaze on its bloom?
And who'll cast a thought so far backward from thence,
And c'en lay a flower on the planter's old tomb?

The trees we are planting so thrifty and green
A hundred years hence will have gone to decay,
Though rosy-checked children now gladden the scene,
They too will have faded, like flowers of a day.

We're planting for others, and glad that we can;
Some planted for us who have long ago gone;
For brief was their pilgrimage, life but a span;
Our sun will soon set, and eternity dawn.

Our statesmen are planting for millions unborn,
A hundred or thousand years hence it may be,
Shall fruitage of freedom and right then adorn
All nations and people o'er land and o'er sea?

Our teachers are planting a wonderful field,
In minds of immortals just fledged for their flight;
What fruits will their planting eternally yield?
What joy or what sorrow, what darkness or light?

Our preachers are planting the gospel's good seeds
For Heaven's grand harvest of glory on high;
And sinners are planting the tares and the weeds
For burning and anguish that never can die.

What fruit from your orchard in all time to come
Shall make the world better, and hearts sing for joy?
What good or what evil shall then be the sum?
Shall praises or wailings your tongues then employ?

We're planting, we're planting eternity's years
With joy or with sorrow; oh which shall it be?
When time is no more, and the "white throne" appears,
Will Jesus then say: "You're a joint-heir with me?"

Then plant every word as an "apple of gold,"
Whose fruitage will shine when the earth is no more,
And gather a harvest of glory untold,
With glorified saints on the heavenly shore.

Ladies' Department.

GOSS AND SONS.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was Friday evening, the busiest time in the week for Goss and Sons, for it was the night on which the country orders were sent out.

"Goss and Sons" were in the shop.

Goss was a country grocer; the sons were young fellows of nineteen and twenty, John and William; the shop was a low wooden edifice, with a window in front and a window round the corner crammed up with mixtures the most remarkable, and not set out at all with an eye to effect; but the place altogether was pretty roomy, for it rambled away into back shop, ware-house, store-house bake-house, and even in the family sitting-room there was a cupboard full of patent medicines. It was in fact just a small "store," for it was the only shop in Hepburn, unless we count two or three cottages with goodies and apples in the windows.

"Now, lads, look alive," said Mr. Goss, bustling about in his glory. He thoroughly enjoyed his business; the mixture of fuss, gossip, and money-making suited him exactly; and there was enough interest in the different fancies of customers and qualities of goods to occupy his mind amply. He looked upon the great shop-keepers in his own trade much as a clergyman looks upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, or even as a literary man upon Shakespeare.

The three worked on in silence for some time.

"Is it twopenny or threepenny sugar Mrs. Reece takes, father?" said William presently.

"Threepenny, of course!" struck in John impatiently.

"Will never knows what belongs," said his father, "he's always wool-gathering, Will is!"

"Will never supposes anything's worth thinking about that isn't printed in a book!"

"It doesn't want much thinking to tell him that Sir Benjamin Sykes' housekeeper doesn't want common stuff. What's this? If it's meant for half a pound it's uncommon good weight."

"Oh, well! I thought a few butter-scotch drops didn't matter," said Will, turning crimson.

"Butter-scotch drops!" said John, pricking up his ears; "they must be for Miss Dulcie; she must be home again from school then."

"Yes, she was in the shop to-day. We had two carriages standing at the door at once!" said old Goss with pride.

John didn't speak, but he was very vexed indeed that he had chosen just that time to slip out about some potatoes. Even to serve Miss Dulcie across the counter with half a pound of butter-scotch drops was a privilege highly prized by either of these rustic admirers.

Will, tying up a parcel, gently hummed—

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot—how nourished?"

"Nay, lad, you mustn't talk about fancies," said old Goss, "not for many a long year; you needn't blush either, for I'm not going to have aught o' that sort here, so I can tell you!"

I wasn't thinking anything of the kind. Miss Dulcie's miles above me, I know; not but what a great author's the equal of anybody."

"Miss Dulcie!" said John, looking horrified—"besides, you're not a great author, Will, so it's nonsene talking."

"Not yet; but there's many a one has had worse beginnings than me—than I have, I mean," corrected himself.

"I'll tell you what, young man," said his father sternly, "if you don't get a little more sense into your head with your readin', and writin', and poetry, and rubbish, I'll—I'll"——

"Here, father, let's go and draw the treacle for the Rev. Matthew Barton," said John.

Will, with a tremendous sigh—the sigh of the unappreciated, the misunderstood—the moment he was left alone, drew out a book from behind some rolls of calico, sat upon the counter, and was soon lost to the shop, the orders, the tea, calico, boots, and patent medicines—all but Miss Dulcie. Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Macaulay, and Shakespeare combined could not drive that little school-girl out of his mind.

* * * * * * *

It is five years later. The village shop is shut, but only for the day. The villagers are standing about in groups; some of the more excitable ones have handkerchiefs to their eyes. Walking slowly along the white high road is a black procession, the group in front toiling under a heavy burden. Those behind are singing, as they draw near the church-yard—

"The saints of God, their conflict past."

"The saints of God!" What more noble and beautiful title? Who can it be who is now a saint of God? Only old Goss, the grocer. Certainly he was a church-warden also latterly. He was a decent old fellow too; honest when he could easily have cheated; kindly and generous when it might have been more to his interest to be suspicious and harsh; and if his "views" were "narrow," surely it is better to be too much afraid of doing wrong than not afraid enough! Besides, at the last, in his illness, he shook off his old shop as a butterfly shakes off its chrysalis, and his heart went home to heaven Perhaps the blacksmith who headed the choir, and had chosen the hymn for the sake of the tune, had not made such a bad hit after all.

After that heavy burden walked the two young men and their mother, a rather lady-like little woman.

She had been a governess and married the well-to-do shopkeeper, partly for a home perhaps, but not altogether. She felt his death very much, and leaned heavily upon the arm of her manly son John. But Will was the one she was proud of. "He's more of a gentleman than John," she said, and certainly he was thin and pale and fond of books, while John was tall and strong and fond of work.

They were left comfortably provided for—about three thousand pounds apiece besides the shop.

"Let us sell the business and go up to London," said Will.

"What for? What's the good of London?"

"Oh, London! Why, I might get some literary work if we only lived in London. Editors and people like that don't think anything of you if you live in the country."

Poor honest John, who knew nothing about editors or literature, or anything of the kind, looked troubled.

"I should have thought myself that it didn't matter where good work came from. I know when I am buying things, all I care about is the quality; whether they come from Reading or London or America, doesn't matter a bit. By-the-by, brother, Mrs. Reece said Miss Dulcie liked those biscuits I had made for her, and wants some more. I'll have a whole lot done; I dare say I might get a little trade for them."

"You've no soul, John, I declare!" said Will, with impatient disgust. "You think your 'little trade' the most important thing in the world!"

"It is to me—it's my work."

"Now, if I were in your place I would never let another creature taste the biscuits that I made for Miss Dulcie; they are stamped with her approval, and no inferior person should have them for love or money. It's a trifle, of course, but it shows how utterly you lack poetry and sentiment, that your only idea should be of making a 'little trade!'"

"Well, a great trade, then."

"Pooh! And if you did, would it bring you any nearer Miss Dulcie?"

John didn't speak; but a sudden wild idea flashed into his mind. Perfect madness it was, but it made his heart beat and sent the color into his face.

"Now, for my part," went on Will calmly, "I mean to be a gentleman—a literary man can get into any society. I have got a little thing coming out in one of the magazines, and I mean to go up to London at once and look about me."

We have all heard of the pride and exultation with which a young author receives his first proofs; but that was not at all the case with Will. He took them quite calmly, as a matter of course. It was the first thing he had ever sent to a magazine, and he never doubted for a moment that it would appear in the next number—oddly enough it did. It happened to be short, just to fit a spare corner, and just to turn up at the right time. But Will didn't know that. He simply counted the lines, and thought he would write something longer next time. Then he should get more money.

He made a little mistake, as most of us know by bitter experience. All he got was his old MS. back, of course.

But he went to London and frequented the British Museum, where he smelt the books till his body was as upset as his mind would have been if he had read them. And, though the books in the Reading-room enter the brain chiefly by the nose, there are other studies which go through the eyes—studies of human nature.

The most interesting of these to unsophisticated Will was a sad-looking young lady who spent a great deal of time over the catalogue. She became so depressed that sometimes she was quite limp—certainly, the great volumes are exhausting; and Will gradually gave her more and more help with her "studies." She was a pale, fragile girl, mostly dressed in a peculiarly made gown of dirty mustard color, which Will, who thought Miss Dulcie's cheerful muslins and handsome silks perfection, did not admire at first, though he learnt better in time. But she had an enormous amount of "poetry in her soul" and sadness in her heart, so he reverenced her as a type of the beautiful and artistic; and, as he represented the literary, what a perfect whole they would make!

But this idea did not come for some time. Only, when a child has been crying for the moon, he will often be satisfied with an orange.

CHAPTER II.

It is ten years later, and Miss Dulcie Sykes, now a lady of the mature age of twenty-eight, is sitting in a splendid drawing-room in Cromwell Road, Kensington. But these splendid drawing-rooms are little better than splendid prisons for many young ladies. Dulcie had been sitting here for the best part of three days, for her aunt watched the carriage, and it was "not proper" for a young lady to go out alone.

She was envying with all her heart the middle-class girls who walked along the causeway quite free and happily indifferent to "society," when she saw a hansom pull up at the door, and a fine-looking man of about thirty-five get out. Some gentleman to see her uncle, no doubt; but in a minute or two the footman threw open the drawing-room door and announced "Mr. Goss!"

She came forward, bowed, and said she was sorry neither her uncle nor aunt was at home; then stopped perplexed. There was something oddly familiar about him.

"I am afraid you don't remember me, Miss Dulcie," he said; "it is a long time since you were at Hepburn."

"Surely—surely, you are not John Goss—I mean Mr. Goss?" hastily correcting herself. He looked such a gentleman!

He laughed pleasantly. "I am glad you remember me, Miss Dulcie."

"And I am glad—nay, delighted—to see you, Mr. Goss. I am longing to hear some news of dear old Hepburn. Since my father died I seem to have been quite cut off from it; my brother is a shocking correspondent. How is everybody, and what is all the place like?"

"Well, I am sorry to say—at least, of course I am not exactly sorry either—but the place is not nearly so pretty as it used to be, and it is my fault; but I really couldn't help it."

"You have an immense manufactory, I hear."

"Well, yes, it is a good size, and I have had to build a great many workmen's cottages; in fact, the place is quite a town."

"I hear it is a beautiful clean and orderly town, too, and that you do a great deal of good, Mr. Goss," with a kindly smile. She felt she had been a little hard on him.

"Good? Oh, dear! no, you are quite mistaken! Of course, I built the schools and the workmen's club, and the cottage hospital; but they were almost matters of necessity." He said it in all simplicity.

"Well, if you don't call that doing good, I should like to know what your idea of good is. I only wish I did a hundredth part as much. I have all the will, and I don't think I am absolutely stupid; yet here I sit all the day idle, when I could earn my 'penny' as well as anybody, only I haven't the chance. It isn't fair."

There were positively tears in her brown eyes, and she was actually talking to the young man from the shop as if he were her father confessor—far more earnestly than she had ever spoken to any parson;" but spiritual power is much more personal than official.

"Oh, Miss Dulcie! do forgive my saying so, but a few years' quiet is only strengthening, so long as your heart and mind don't go to sleep too; and I am sure you will not!"

"You always had an exaggerated opinion of my merits, I remember," laughing and coloring slightly.

He longed to say "not exaggerated," but feared it might sound impertinent; however, he unconsciously looked it most successfully.

"I wish to live down at the Hall again; I might do something for your workpeople, even if it were only the hackneyed ground of clothing clubs and mothers' meetings."

"Do you really wish you lived at the Hall, Miss Dulcie? I am so glad; that is just what I came about."

"Indeed!" Privately, she had rather wondered what he had come for; but she had been so dull, the visit was an agreeable interruption; and John was not the sort of man she could, even if she had wished, either snub or patronize.

"I don't know whether you are aware that—that—I bought the old Hall?"

"You bought it, Mr. Goss?" Certainly there was a touch of hauteur. She was shocked. The prejudices of a life are not overcome in half an hour.

"It was merely as an investment, Miss Dulcie, I assure you. I shouldn't think of living there myself—at least, not at present. What I should like better than anything would be for you to take the place. I am very old-fashioned in some things. I like old families better than new ones."

"Thank you all the same, but I could not possibly afford it. It is quite out of the question."

"But the rent or purchase-money, whichever you preferred, would not be a consideration at all. It could stand over indefinitely, and there is plenty of furniture there."

"You are exceedingly kind to give me the first refusal, and I would take it gladly if I could; but it is quite out of my power."

John was silent. He leant forward biting his lip, and there was a line between his eyes as he stared hard at the carpet. It was a crucial moment in his life, and he knew it. He had been working all these years with one object in view: a faint far-off star, lately nearer, this morning apparently almost within reach; and now, unless he could bridge over the difficulty of access, he would be baffled after all.

Dulcie little knew what was going on in his mind.

"I suppose you wouldn't care about letting it just for the summer, Mr. Goss?" she said calmly.

"Ah!"—and the thought revived him—"she's coming after all."

"Oh! yes, I would, with pleasure, if you would like to come for a short time."

"I have no doubt I could persuade my uncle to take it for three months, and I should very much like it myself."

"And all your old tenants—every one about the place—will be delighted to see you again."

"You must introduce me to your wife, Mr. Goss."

"Oh, Miss Dulcie!" in a pained tone. How could she think it possible? "I haven't a wife!"

"I beg your pardon." She laughed a little uneasily, but colored under his incomprehensible look.

"But my brother Will has a wife," he added hastily, as if it was a sort of excuse for himself.

"Oh, indeed! I forgot to ask after him. Is she a Hepburn lady?"

"No; he met her at the British Museum in the first instance."

"A literary lady?"

"Not exactly. She used at one time to be rather fond of art, but she has quite given up all that sort of thing. She is a very cheerful, pleasant sort of woman, rather stout; but Will's as lanky as ever."

"I rather fancy I have seen a story of his somewhere."

"Very likely—he writes a good deal, but not half of it gets into print. It's shocking the waste that goes on in that profession—waste of the worst kind, too. Far worse than having a batch of biscuits burnt!"

About a month later, the proudest day in John's life arrived. His workpeople could not think what in the world made him so fidgety. Every single article in the mill had to be cleaned and polished and set in order, though it was always as nice as ever it could be; but he bothered over the brass knobs and bars about the engine, and gave the women's over-looker a hint to tell them to make themselves tidy.

At eleven o'clock a carriage and pair drove up to the door, just as in old days Miss Dulcie used to drive up to the little shop. John remembered.

The day that he had pictured to himself for years had come at last, as bareheaded he met Miss Dulcie at the door. She looked like a queen, he thought; and she certainly was beautifully dressed in grey and silver, with a bunch of yellow roses in her dress and in her hat. He was glad she looked so nice, for he hoped this was her future kingdom, and the admiration of his workpeople was not a matter of absolute indifference.

Many curious eyes were cast upon her as she went from room to room, and many a knowing look passed between the "hands."

And if it was a proud day for him, it was an astonishing one for her. Why, the place was magnificent—far finer than a mere house, however furnished—it was a palace. John Goss was a king: his very glance was a command. Hundreds of men and women looked to him alone as their earthly providence; and there was the huge engine feeding all the world by coolly waving its arms about. And such millions and millions of biscuits! One would think nobody in all creation ever ate anything else. What a modern version of the old primitive bread-making!

Dulcie felt to her heart's core the stupendousness of the place, and the work and the power of the man beside her.

"Wont you take one?" he said, offering her a biscuit of a certain kind.

There was a gravity and solemnity about him as he offered it as a kind of token—not the mere offer of a biscuit, but something signified beyond.

"Doesn't it remind you?" he said gently.

"Why, these are the very ones you made for me a long time ago!"

"The very same. It was in pleasing you that my fortunes began."

She looked up. "Shall we—shall we go into another room?"

The three months passed away only too quickly, and John was no nearer his heart's desire than on that day. In vain he tried to comfort himself with the thought that in society, wealth such as his was considered a fair equivalent for birth such as hers; and in vain Dulcie's worldly aunt, who recognized a good match when she saw one, invited him to dinner, lawn tennis, and picnics. He went to them all, but Dulcie gave no sign—not so much as the droop of an eyelash. She was too proud to take up the ungenerous part of trying to attract the man, now he was rich, whom she had despised when their positions were reversed. But how did he know that? He thought she simply did not care.

It was almost the last day of their stay, and John was standing in a very disconsolate mood by the workmen's entrance to his mill, watching some casks of sugar being hoisted up to the top story—an immence height, six or seven flats.

As the great iron clasps were being fitted on the last barrel, he caught sight of a pretty white dress flitting by.

"Miss Dulcie!" he said impulsively, raising his hat, "could you spare me a minute or two? I wanted to speak to you about—something." He hadn't an idea what, only he did want her; even a few minutes would be precious.

She stopped, and they both watched the cask being hoisted up, till it looked quite small, so great was the height—then a hand was stretched out, and it was drawn in.

Dulcie's upturned face was very sweet. John thought he would like to kiss it; but it suddenly changed horribly. She threw herself violently upon him, and literally banged him up against the wall with violence worse than unladylike—it was perfectly shocking. His hat was sent flying, his head rather sharply bruised. He seized her by the arms in horror. Had she suddenly gone out of her mind?

But at that instant, just at his feet, with a frightful crash, came down the heavy iron clamps on the very spot where he had been standing. Certain and horrible death it would have been.

The worse than stupid workman overhead had unfastened them from the cask and calmly given them a kick over to be ready for the next batch, without looking to see if any one was below.

"Are you hurt, John—are you hurt?" seeing the blood pouring from the bruise on his forehead, and his head thrown back against the wall, face pale, eyes shut.

"Did it hurt you?" she said, taking his hand gently. "Do look at me—I did try to save you!"

He looked down upon her. "Dulcie, come into my office." They went across out of the way of possible eyes and ears—and he shut the door.

"Dulcie," he said, taking both her hands, "look up, my dear."

She just glanced up, then threw herself sobbing on his shoulder. The strain had been great; the tension broke.

"This is the second time you have benefited me, my Dulcie. Your girlish whim began my prosperity, your woman's quickness saved my life; and now you know I want something else."

She didn't speak; but John had got the upper hand now, and he meant to keep it.

"You know what it is I want," he said persuasively.

She turned her tearful face up to his, and he got what he wanted.

IN MEMORIAM—1886.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON

"Forward! March!" The old command
Rings again throughout the land;
And steadily step the marching feet,
As the columns bear their burden sweet
To deck each soldier's grave.

Memory moves the veteran's heart,
While from many eyes there start
Fast falling tears of loving pride
That for the nation's need these died
O'er whom the flag doth wave.

"Close up!" From year to year the word
All along the line is heard;
And thinner the ranks each Memorial Day,
As the men fall out in the twilight gray,
Of soldiers of the war.

Yet among the honored dead—
Round whose graves with reverent tread
There slowly pass the sad platoons,
While throbbing of drums and beat of bassoons
Sound soft in the summer air—

Heroes many quiet lie
Whom Fame's trumpet passes by;
And we joy that Peace our salute may claim
Though never be blazoned her soldier's name
Until God's Captain come.

"Forward! March!" The old command
Rings through our united land;
And steadily step the marching feet
As the columns bear their burden sweet
To deck each sacred grave.

—[Boston Journal.

THE SPIDER'S APPETITE.

It is not everybody who knows how much a spider can eat. Most of us have derived amusement, and perhaps instruction, from watching the subtle arrangements and devices of the little tactician with a view to capture some dainty little insect, and many of us would know exactly where to place this interesting creature in the classification of animal life, but probably very few of us have any idea what a voracious gourmand the spider is. A gentleman, scientifically inclined and luxuriating in the rare possession of leisure, has recently given to the world some very curious and startling statements in regard to the arachneidan appetite. He captured a spider, and kept it in confinement, supplying it liberally with food, and carefully recording his observations. He estimated that the creature ate four times its weight for breakfast, nine times its weight for dinner, thirteen times its weight for supper, finishing up with an ounce of food. In the same proportion, a man of average weight would demolish an ox for breakfast, two more for dinner, a couple of bullocks, eight sheep and four pigs for supper, and then a hundred-weight of fish, to prepare the way for an aldermanic banquet, before retiring to bed.

A Fortune Teller.

[Daily Evening Traveller.]

One day Mrs. Lorrimer's daughter, Violet, was nowhere to be found; neither was the gentleman, Senor Espanol, who taught the guitar. The whole city was alarmed by the account of the mysterious disappearance of a beautiful belle and a hard-working, gentlemanly foreigner. However, when some one had discovered that the last gave lessons to the first, an inference was drawn by some looker-on.

"May they not have gone together?"

The mother at once drove the slanderer from her presence, preferring the idea that her Violet was murdered. However, before long, a penitent letter, all blotted with tears, reached the poor old lady, all alone in her great Fifth-avenue mansion. Violet was married to Senor Espanol.

The more one loves a person the more furious does any deception on her part make one. A less loving mother might have forgiven. Stung to madness, this one wrote a terrible letter to the foolish girl who had so hurt her. The husband, a hot Spaniard, read it. It insulted him, and he forbade his wife ever to see her parent again. To do him justice, love, and no mercenary motive, had led him to elope with the pretty heiress.

So the gulf was fixed between the only two of the same blood who lived on earth, and Senor Espanol began to give lessons on the guitar for two instead of one. Then for three, four and five. If he had lived a little longer it would have been for six. But the day the fourth child was born a countryman, who had mistaken him for a rival, stabbed him in the back. He apologized the next moment, but the poor victim did not live to hear him through, but dying trying to express the fact that the gentleman was perfectly excusable.

And so Violet, who had been very happy with her music master, was left a widow with four babies, no money, and no accomplishment that had been sufficiently cultivated to earn a living by. Of course she took in sewing, and of course a day came when there was a very small prospect of supper and not even a dream of breakfast.

Not a penny in the house, not a loaf of bread in the closet, not a dollar's worth of work to be got anywhere; what was she to do? The poor little woman walked up and down and cried. That did not help her. She looked over the relics of the past. There were pretty pieces of jewelry, worth nothing. Valuable things had all been sold long ago. She glanced out of the window. A woman with a very new basket and no shoes went begging from door to door.

The basket was worth $2.50, the shoes could be bought for $2. Two singular circumstances preyed upon her mind. She began to take an interest in the ways and manners of beggars as the awful expectation of becoming one began to haunt her.

"I could drown myself," she said, "but I could not well drown four children, like a litter of puppies."

Then leaning her chin on her hands she watched from her window another woman, with a handkerchief over her head, going from door to door. Was she begging? It seemed not. Once or twice she entered and stayed some time. At last she saw her at her own door, and heard her going from room to room. There was a knock at the door. She opened it and the woman was there.

"Well?" she said, inquiringly.

"Let me tell your fortune, lady. I only charge twenty-five cents," said the woman.

"My fortune is told, since I have not twenty-five cents in the world, said Violet.

The woman turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Violet. "In this age do people say you tell their fortunes?"

"No age is too old," said the woman. "I just told an old lady's fortune below. It was in the cards that she was to have a husband—her fourth. She gave me a dollar. Look!" she opened her palm. "I make money, I do. I'm a seventh child; I see the future. I'll take any bit of jewelry if you have not any money. Have your fortune told?"

But Violet shook her head and closed the door hastily.

"I cannot steal, and to beg I am ashamed," said she to herself. "After it is dark to-night I will go out and tell fortunes." Then she took two flat-irons to the junk shop, bought a loaf of bread and a pint of milk, and fed four children—she for whom nothing had been dainty enough, and who had ridden in her own carriage.

She put the children to bed, and left the key with a neighbor, in case of fire, a dread that haunts those many-storied houses like a ghost, and then, disguised in veil, hood and shawl, went forth on her errand. It was a crazy dream. She had not courage to attempt fortune-telling. It was worse than begging. She wandered along the streets, coming at last to the homes of luxury.

In the end she stood before her mother's window. There was a light in the basement, and through the lace curtain she saw a table spread, and the shadow of a figure she knew to be her mother's on the curtain; and there, drawing down the shade, was Martha, who had nursed her when a child.

Tears filled her eyes. It was a paradise which she never hoped to regain. Had not her mother written:—

"A curse on you. Never darken my doors more unless you wish to hear me utter it."

But there at least she had not the terror of strangers upon her; she could beg or tell fortunes. Martha was superstitious, and always had dreams of matrimony, and of the coming back of a lover who had gone to sea when she was in her teens and had never been heard of since.

She had crept to the window and tapped on the panes. In a moment Martha opened the door.

The hooded figure drew near.

"Let me tell your fortune?" she said.

"Bother!" said Martha, "I am past fortunes."

"What," said Violet, "with a lover gone to sea?"

"Lord save us!" cried Martha.

"And in one place twenty years," said Violet.

"You know more than is good," said Martha. "Stop a bit. Are you one of them clairvoyants?"

"Yes," said Violet.

"Could you see where people are, what's come of them and that?" asked Martha. "For instance, a gal that's been gone eight years, could you look for her in a dream, like as I have heard they can, and find her?"

"Yes, I think I could," said Violet.

'Sit here, then," said Martha, pointing to a chair in the hall, and hurried into the dining room.

She come back in a moment.

"Come and speak to missus," she said. And Violet, trembling so she could scarcely stand, entered her mother's presence.

No love is like a mother's. Violet had known that since she cast it off. She knew it now, looking on the pale face where wrinkles had come so thickly—on the hair, all turned gray now—on the sad eyes, that were so bright when she last saw them.

She longed to kneel at her mother's feet and beg forgiveness, but she dared not yet; had not she sinned too deeply to hope for pardon? She stood silent, with her head bowed down.

"They tell me you are a clairvoyant," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "I have not much faith in such things, and if the power prospers its possessors so little it cannot be worth much; but still I have something I should like to ask you. You search for lost things?"

Violet bowed.

"If you can find something I have lost I will repay you well," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "Here sit down. Perhaps if you have this knowledge you can tell me what I have lost."

Violet sat down.

"It should be darker," she said—"will you lower the light?"

Martha lowered the light and stood by the lady's chair—and there was silence. Violet had cast back her veil, but the firelight was not bright enough to show her features.

"Lady," she said in a low voice, "it is not gold or silver that I see; it is nothing that can be bought for money. What I see is a girl."

"Good heavens!" cried the old lady.

"A girl of sixteen, with fair hair and blue eyes," said Violet. "That was what she was when you saw her last. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Mrs Lorrimer.

"You loved her," said Violet; "she loved you. But she deceived you; she was wicked—wicked; but there was an excuse for her. She fell in love. She was mad for a while. You cast her off. She has gone. You will never see her more."

"Hush! hush!" cried Mrs. Lorrimer. "She was not bad. I was wicked; I knew what it was to love, yet I forsook her because she knew it also. Look again. How does life use her?"

"She is a widow, and very poor," said Violet. "So wretchedly poor that she does not know where to get bread; but she will not come to you. You would curse her. You will never see her again."

The old lady started from her chair.

"What are you? How do you know the secrets of my life, the words I most repent uttering? Look again! Tell me I shall see her once more. Tell me where to find the only babe I ever held against my breast! My little one—my Violet—where is she?" And the woman she addressed fell upon her knees and clasped her hands.

"She is here," she cried. "Mother, she is here!" and the two wept together in each other's arms; and all was forgiven.

The mansion is no longer desolate. There are little children's voices there, and mother and daughter are together once more. And in that other world, where we cannot believe that wrath endures, doubtless the lover of her youth rejoices that Violet's mother's fortune was told so well.

ORIENTAL JUNE.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom,
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.
—[Whittier—"Cities of the Plain."

THE GHOST OF ART.

I am a bachelor, residing in rather a dreary set of chambers in the Temple. They are situated in a square court of high houses, which would be a complete well, but for the want of water and the absence of a bucket. I live at the top of the house, among the tiles and sparrows. Like the little man in the nursery-story, I live by myself, and all the bread and cheese I get—which is not much—I put upon a shelf. I need scarcely add, perhaps, that I am in love, and that the father of my charming Julia objects to our union.

I mention these little particulars as I might deliver a letter of introduction. The reader is now acquainted with me, and perhaps will condescend to listen to my narrative.

I am naturally of a dreamy turn of mind; and my abundant leisure—for I am called to the bar—coupled with much lonely listening to the twittering of sparrows and the pattering of rain, has encouraged that disposition. In my "top set" I hear the wind howl on a winter night, when the man on the ground floor believes it is perfectly still weather. The dim lamps with which our Honorable Society (supposed to be as yet unconscious of the new discovery called gas) make the horrors of the staircase visible, deepen the gloom which generally settles on my soul when I go home at night.

I am in the law, but not of it. I can't exactly make out what it means. I sit in Westminster Hall sometimes (in character) from ten to four; and when I go out of court I don't know whether I am standing on my wig or my boots.

It appears to me (I mention this in confidence) as if there were too much talk and too much law—as if some grains of truth were started overboard into a tempestuous sea of chaff.

All this may make me mystical. Still, I am confident that what I am going to describe myself as having seen and heard, I actually did see and hear.

It is necessary that I should observe that I have a great delight in pictures. I am no painter myself, but I have studied pictures and worshipped them. I have seen all the most famous pictures in the world; my education and reading have been sufficiently general to possess me beforehand with a knowledge of most of the subjects to which a painter is likely to have recourse; and, although I might be in some doubt as to the rightful fashion of the scabbard of King Lear's sword, for instance, I think I should know King Lear tolerably well if I happened to meet with him.

I go to all the modern exhibitions every season, and of course I revere the Royal Academy. I stand by its forty academical articles almost as firmly as I stand by the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. I am convinced that in neither case could there be, by any rightful possibility, one article more or less.

It is now exactly three years—three years ago this very month—since I went from Westminster to the Temple, one Thursday afternoon, in a cheap steamboat. The sky was black when I imprudently walked on board. It began to thunder and lighten immediately, and the rain poured down in torrents. The deck seeming to smoke with the wet, I went below; but so many passengers were there, smoking too, that I came up again, and buttoning my peacoat, and standing in the shadow of the paddle-box, stood as upright as I could, and made the best of it.

It was at this moment that I first beheld the terrible Being who is the subject of my present recollections.

Standing against the funnel, apparently with the intention of drying himself by the heat as fast as he got wet, was a shabby man in threadbare black, and with his hands in his pockets, who fascinated me from the memorable instant when I caught his eye.

Where had I caught that eye before? Who was he? Why did I connect him, all at once, with the Vicar of Wakefield, Alfred the Great, Gil Blas, Charles the Second, Joseph and his Brethren, the Fairy Queen, Tom Jones, the Decameron of Boccaccio, Tam O'Shanter, the Marriage of the Doge of Venice with the Adriatic, and the Great Plague of London? Why, when he bent one leg, and placed one hand upon the back of the seat near him, did my mind associate him wildly with the words, "Number one hundred and forty-two, portrait of a gentleman"? Could it be that I was going mad?

I looked at him again, and now I could have taken my affidavit that he belonged to the Vicar of Wakefield's family. Whether he was the Vicar, or Moses, or Mr. Burchell, or the Squire, or a conglomeration of all four, I knew not; but I was impelled to seize him by the throat, and charge him: with being, in some fell way, connected with the Primrose blood. He looked up at the rain, and then—O Heaven!—he became Saint John. He folded his arms, resigning himself to the weather, and I was frantically inclined to address him as the Spectator, and firmly demand to know what he had done with Sir Roger de Coverley.

The frightful suspicion that I was becoming deranged returned upon me with redoubled force. Meantime, this awful stranger, inexplicably linked to my distress, stood dryingg himself at the funnel; and ever, as the steam arose his clothes, diffusing a mist around him, I saw through the ghostly medium all the people I have mentioned, and a score more, sacred and profane.

I am conscious of a dreadful inclination that stole upon me, as it thundered and lightened, to grapple with this man, or demon, and plunge him over the side. But I constrained myself—I know not how—to speak to him, and in a pause of the storm I crossed the deck, and said:

"What are you?"

He replied hoarsely, "A Model."

"A what?" said I.

"A Model," he replied. "I sets to the profession for a bob a hour." (All through this narrative I give his own words, which are indelibly imprinted on my memory.)

The relief which this disclosure gave me, the exquisite delight of the restoration of my confidence in my own sanity, I cannot describe. I should have fallen on his neck but for the consciousness of being observed by the man at the wheel.

"You then," said I, shaking him so warmly by the hand that I wrung the rain out of his coat-cuff, "are the gentleman whom I have so frequently contemplated in connection with a high-backed chair with a red cushion, and a table with twisted legs."

"I am that Model," he rejoined, moodily, "and I wish I was anything else."

"Say not so," I returned. "I have seen you in the society of many beautiful young women;" as in truth I had, and always (I now remember) in the act of making the most of his legs.

"No doubt," said he. "And you've seen me along with warses of flowers, and any number of table-kivers, and antique cabinets, and warious gammon."

"Sir?" said I.

"And warious gammon," he repeated, in a louder voice. "You might have seen me in armor, too, if you had looked sharp. Blessed if I hain't stood in half the suits of armor as ever came out of Pratt's shop; and sat, for weeks together, a-eating nothing out of half the gold and silver dishes as has ever been lent for the purpose out of Storrses, and Mortimerses, or Garrardses, and Davenportseases."

Excited, as it appeared, by a sense of injury, I thought he never would have found an end for the last word. But at length it rolled sullenly away with the thunder.

"Pardon me," said I, "you are a well-favored, well-made man, and yet—forgive me—I find, on examining my mind, that I associate you with—that my recollection indistinctly makes you, in short—excuse me—a kind of powerful monster."

"It would be a wonder if it didn't," he said. "Do you know what my points are?"

"No," said I.

"My throat and my legs," said he. "When I don't set for a head, I mostly set for a throat and a pair of legs. Now, granted you was a painter, and was to work at my throat for a week together, I suppose you'd see a lot of lumps and bumbs there that would never be there at all, if you looked at me complete, instead of only my throat. Wouldn't you?"

"Probably," said I, surveying him.

"Why, it stands to reason," said the Model. "Work another week at my legs, and it'll be the same thing. You'll make 'em out as knotty and as knobby, at last, as if they was the trunks of two old trees. Then, take and stick my legs and throat on to another man's body, and you'll make a reg'lar monster. And that's the way the public gets their reg'lar monsters every first Monday in May, when the Royal Academy Exhibition opens."

"You are a critic," said I, with an air of deference.

"I'm in an uncommon ill-humor, if that's it," rejoined the Model, with great indignation. "As if it warn't bad enough for a bob a hour, for a man to be mixing himself up with that there jolly old furniter that one 'ud think the public know'd the wery nails in by this time, or to be putting on greasy old 'ats and cloaks, and playing tambourines in the Bay o' Naples, with Wesuvius a-smokin' according to pattern in the background, and the wines a-bearing wonderful in the middle distance—or to be unpolitely kicking up his legs among a lot of girls, with no reason whatever in his mind, but to show 'em—as if this warn't bad enough, I'm to go and be thrown out of employment too!"

"Surely no!" said I.

"Surely yes," said the indignant Model. "But I'll grow one."

The gloomy and threatening manner in which he muttered the last words can never be effaced from my remembrance. My blood ran cold.

I asked of myself what it was that this desperate Being was resolved to grow. My breast made no response.

I ventured to implore him to explain his meaning. With a scornful laugh he uttered this dark prophecy:

"I'll grow one. And mark my words, it shall haunt you!"

We parted in the storm, after I had forced half a crown on his acceptance, with a trembling hand. I conclude that something supernatural happened to the steamboat, as it bore his reeking figure down the river, but it never got into the papers.

Two years elapsed, during which I followed my profession without any vicissitudes, never holding so much as a motion, of course. At the expiration of that period I found myself making my way home to the Temple, one night, in precisely such another storm of thunder and lightning as that by which I had been overtaken on board the steamboat, except that this storm, bursting over the town at midnight, was rendered much more awful by the darkness and the hour.

As I turned into my court I really thought a thunderbolt would fall and plough the pavement up. Every brick and stone in the place seemed to have an echo of its own for the thunder. The waterspouts were overcharged, and the rain came tearing down from the housetops as if they had been mountain-tops.

Mrs. Parkins, my laundress—wife of Parking, the porter, Farringdon Market—had particular instructions to place a bedroom candle and a match under the staircase lamp on my landing, in order that I might light my candle there whenever I came home. Mrs. Parkins invariably disregarding all instructions, they were never there. Thus it happened that on this occasion I groped my way into my sitting-room to find the candle, and once there to light it.

What were my emotions when, underneath the staircase lamp, shining with wet as if he had never been dry since our last meeting, stood the mysterious Being whom I had encountered on the steamboat in a thunderstorm two years before! His prediction rushed upon my mind, and I turned faint.

"I said I'd do it," he said, in a hollow voice, "and I have done it. May I come in?"

"Misguided creature, what have you done?" I returned.

"I'll let you know," was his reply, "if you'll let me in."

Could it be murder that he had done? And had he been so successful that he wanted to do it again at my expense?

I hesitated.

"May I come in?" said he.

I inclined my head, with as much presence of mind as I could command, and he followed me into my chambers. There, I saw that the lower part of his face was tied up, in what is commonly called a Belcher handkerchief. He slowly removed this bandage, and exposed to view a long dark beard, curling over his upper lip, twisting about the corners of his mouth, and hanging down upon his breast.

"What is this?" I exclaimed, involuntarily, "and what have you become?"

"I am the Ghost of Art!" said he.

The effect of these words, slowly uttered in the thunder-storm at midnight, was appalling to the last degree. More dead than alive, I surveyed him in silence.

"The German taste came up," said he, "and threw me out of bread. I am ready for the taste now."

He made his beard a little jagged